

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 107.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1876.

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MISS EMILY MOTT.

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A new Drama, in Three Acts, entitled JO, adapted from Charles Dickens's "Bleak House." Enormous success of Miss Jennie Lee as Jo. The Misses D. Drummond, Nelly Harris, F. Robertson, K. Lee, and Miss Louise Hibbert; Messrs. Flockton, E. Price, C. Steyne, J. B. Rae, C. Wilmot, and J. P. Burnett. Preceded, at 7.30, by a new and original farce, THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. Edgar Bruce. Secure your seats at once at the box office or libraries.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—On SATURDAY, MARCH 4, and Every Evening until further Notice, at 7. TWO TO ONE.—Mr. C. H. Stephenson. At 7.40, the Comedy by C. S. Cheltnam, A LESSON IN LOVE.—Messrs. H. Cox, J. G. Grahame, and W. H. Vernon; Mesdames Marian Terry, T. Lavis, and Miss Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, CRACKED HEADS.—Messrs. E. Terry, H. Cox; Mesdames L. Venne and A. Claude. After which will be produced the Latest Edition of the RIVAL OTHELLOS, written by J. H. Byron.—M. Marius and Mr. E. Terry; Misses A. Claude and M. Jones.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—Manager, W. Holland (the People's Caterer).—Second Edition of the Pantomime, JACK THE GIANT KILLER. Special Notice.—It is with the greatest pleasure W. Holland announces that the great favourite burlesque artiste Miss Nelly Power will sustain the character of Jack Every Evening, introducing many New Songs, Sayings, Dances, &c.; also New Harlequinade Cast, by very special desire.—Clown, Mr. Harry Taylor; Policeman, E. X. T. R. A. O. R. D. I. N. A. R. Y., Mr. James Fawn, with a new song, "That'll Pull You Round," written by W. Green; music by Sidney Davis, the Musical Director; Pantaloon, Mr. Wattie Brunton; Harlequin, Miss Nelly Moon; Columbine, Miss Susie Vaughan. The Pantomime preceded by a New Musical Farce, written by R. Dodson, Esq., entitled a SCHOOL FOR MUFTS, in which Miss Susie Vaughan, Mrs. Brunton, Mr. Harry Taylor, Mr. Wattie Brunton, and Reeves will appear. The Morning Performances will be continued as usual, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Seats can be booked at any of the West-End or City Libraries; or at the Box-Office of the Theatre, weeks in advance, free of charge. Refreshment Saloons under the especial catering of Charles Holland. Stage Manager, J. F. Doyne. Acting Manager, W. Parker. Secretary, Thomas B. Warne.

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BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Eleventh Week of the brilliant Pantomime. The Transformation Scene acknowledged to be the best in London. Every Evening at 6.45, EL FLAMBO; or, the Waters of the Singing Well.—Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Fred. Foster, Marchant, Bigwood, Lewis, Bell, Fox, Pitt, Parry, Hyde; Mdles. Follie Randall, Summers, Rayner. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe (Ten in number). To conclude with ZELMA; or, an Indian's Love.—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Reeve; Mdles. Bellar, Adams.

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MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN
LARGE HALL.—Daily at 3 and 8.—In addition to many novelties, the present programme includes Psycho, the world-famed automaton Whist-player; the mystic and oracular tabourine; and Mr. Maskelyne's most recent sensation of floating in the hall over the heads of the audience as high as the lofty dome in the centre of the room. This remarkable feat is accomplished while the gas is burning on the stage, and extra lights surround the body as it steadily makes its aerial flight from and to the stage.
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MARCH.

Sandown Park (last day)	3	Lincoln Spring	20, 21, 22
Pau	3	Liverpool Spring	23, 24, 25
Auteuil	5, 12, 19, 23, 26	Maidstone	27
Croydon March	7, 8, 9	Sandbeck Hunt (Retford)	27
Downpatrick (Ireland)	8, 9	Newport Pagnel	27
South Wold Hunt (Horncastle)	9	Rheims	27
Bromley Second Spring	10, 11	Northampton	28, 29
Rotherfield	13	Curraghmore Hunt (Ireland)	28, 29
Grand Military (Rugby)	13, 14	Crewkerne	28, 29
Bristol	14, 15, 16	Southdown Hunt (Ringmer)	29
Wye Steeplechases	16	Burton and Blankney Hunt	29
Kirby Moorside	16	Pontefract Spring	30, 31
Pycheley Hunt	16	Lothians Hunt	30
Swindon	17	Warwick Spring	30, 31
Royal Artillery S.C. (Croydon)	18	Ross Hunt	31

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S.—Carnival, brown, or very dark bay; King Tom, bay.
A SUBSCRIBER (Cork).—There is no difference.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1876.

Circular Notes.

IMITATION being the sincerest flattery Mr.—or rather, we beg his pardon—Baron Reuter must feel happy in the knowledge that his agents at Mundiaghat are as adroit at courtiership as himself. We all remember how nobly the Baron played the part of bear-leader to the Shah of Persia. How gracefully, in his character as potential viceroy of the land of the "Arabian Nights," he postured in the fierce light that beats upon the English throne. His people—not his Persian people, but those who obey his imperial mandates at Mundiaghat and elsewhere—are worthy of their master. They are skilful courtiers. One of them, telegraphing from Nepal on the 26th ult., thus describes a bag which had been recently made by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales:—"The shooting since the first day the camp was pitched in Nepal has been good. Four more tigers and one panther have been shot, the majority falling to the Prince's rifle." We believe ourselves to be as sincere in our admiration of the Prince's sportsman-like qualities as either Baron Reuter or his Mundiaghat agent, and therefore we are naturally anxious to know the exact quantity of dead tiger and defunct panther which the Royal rifle yielded. If his prowess had been displayed in a tournament of doves at Hurlingham, or in a match at sparrows at Sandringham, we may depend upon it the slaughter would have been chronicled with painstaking accuracy; as it is, we are asked to put up with an account of the destruction of big, not to say dangerous, game that would have been disappointing if applied to a battue of robin-redbreasts.

It is high time Mr. Irving prayed to be saved from his friends. One of them, Mr. Furnivall, founder and director of the New Shakspeare Society, writes to the *Daily News*, "asking for space for a few lines of remonstrance against the ungenerous treatment with which the noble efforts of Mrs. Bateman and Mr. Irving to give us a Shakspeare Theatre worthy of its name have lately been met." As a matter of fact, Mr. Furnivall's few lines—composed for the most part of laudation of Mr. Irving, lofty approval of Salvini, and condemnation of those critics who have been pleased to consider Mr. Irving's *Othello* destitute of greatness—occupy about three-fourths of a column of the paper in question; but that is not our business. Mr. Furnivall, being the founder and director of the New Shakspeare Society, is entitled to unlimited space in any journal, whether his mission be to teach the critics their business or not. Mr. Furnivall thinks the efforts of manageress and actor noble. We think them wise. The late Mr. Bateman—than whom a more adroit showman never lived—found that Shakspeare paid, and, like a prudent man, he produced Shakspeare. Mrs. Bateman finds that Shakspeare pays, and, like a prudent lady, she continues to play Shakspeare. The "nobility" may and doubtless does exist, but its presence is not obvious. Mr. Furnivall says elsewhere in his most gratuitous letter—"And yet let the critics contrast their generous treatment of the foreigner (Salvini) with their ungenerousness to their countryman. But surely the effort now making by Mr. Irving and Mr. Bateman is one that should appeal to every lover of his country's literature and art. Here is an American widow lady who knows that if she seeks profit first her best plan is to bring out silly comedies, burlesques, and 'My Shoes, 325 nights,' and the like. But, with the wish to benefit art, she adheres to the highest—Shakspeare's." We deny that the critics have treated Mr. Irving ungenerously. Was ever such an universal pean of praise heard as that which greeted his Hamlet? If his Macbeth was rather worse than the Hamlet, and the *Othello* worst of all in the opinion of the critics, what business is that of Mr. Furnivall's, or of any other impertinent dictator? The good-taste of the allusion to "silly comedies," especially in a letter that puffs an establishment which has produced *Pickwick*, is worthy of the Founder and Director of the New Shakspeare Society.

Schoolboys who dwell in certain rural quarters of the dark and true and tender North—of England, may yet, for aught we know to the contrary, amuse themselves at Easter-tide with a game that is denominated in the vernacular "jawping eggs." The boy who possesses a paste-egg that has been boiled to the proper degree of hardness (and paste-eggs cannot be made too hard) is only too happy if he can secure his companion's egg, after having smashed it, with the aid of his own, in a "jawping match." We learn from the *Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser* that the battle of the eggs has already commenced, in another way—as the cookery-books have it. A recent paragraph in that journal is to the following effect:—"There has been sent to our office this week from Potterland Mill a duck egg weighing 4½ oz., and measuring 8½ inches by 6¼ inches. This beats the *Free Press* eggs hollow."

The other day a train had to be stopped in order to allow a farmer, who was too deaf to hear the whistle of the engine, an opportunity of getting out of the way. The agriculturist either suffers from a belief in the brightness of his hearing powers that is not uncommon in persons afflicted with deafness, or he is hopelessly contumacious; for it seems that, in the afternoon of the day upon which he had escaped being made into mince-meat, he again walked leisurely along the line, and "defied the officials of the company," who had naturally rebuked his indiscretion. The magistrates have very properly interfered, and with equal propriety the *Farmer* has improved the occasion. With commendable gravity, our contemporary remarks that "deaf farmers should not trespass on railway lines." We would go further than the *Farmer* and respectfully urge persons of all classes, whether they suffer from an impaired sense or not, to abstain from trespassing on railway lines.

The farmers of Kentucky profess to be able to foretell the state of the weather by means of an instrument of Nature's own contrivance. They take the breast-bone of a young goose ("which is transcendent") and, having carefully counted its cloud-like markings, proceed to cackle forth their predictions through the medium of the *Louisville Commercial*. The art is yet in its infancy. Thus far the one-year-old goose's breast-bone has only succeeded in prognosticating changes in the weather, but the discoverers of the test are not without a hope that the ornithological augury may in time be made useful both in the Senate and the Church. According to the latest despatches from "ole Kentucky," a party of investigators were engaged in questioning the breastbone of a very Solan among geese, in the confident expectation of receiving therefrom a statement of the exact hour, day, and year when Mr. Beecher's detractors shall be no more. It is unnecessary to remark that a one-year-old goose-bone has been forwarded from Kentucky to the high-priest of Crown-court, London.

A Hungarian newspaper says that although the Porte has accepted the proposals of the Powers with respect to reform it has no intention of carrying them out. In the face of this who will dare to assert that Turkey possesses no statesmen of the highest order?

It is now certain the Royal training-ship *Ganges* did not take fire by accident, but by design—proof of a deliberate attempt to burn the vessel having come to light. The naval disaster, therefore, has not been this time the result of a first-class offence, a blunder; but of a breach of discipline in the second order, a crime.

National idiosyncracies will assert themselves in spite of laws and covenants. Sir H. Halford arranged that a team composed of English, Irish, and Scotch riflemen, to be called the British team, should represent these islands at the forthcoming International match in New York. Whereupon the Scotch resolve to send out a team of their own. Result—hitch. An Irish correspondent has written to us on the subject in the following unpardonable fashion:—"It is a well-known characteristic of the Scotch that they love home dearly; they are also known to be never so much at home as when they are abroad. Hence the independent team."

The news of the death of Mr. William Brook Bridges Stevens, which occurred on the 23rd ult., at the early age of forty-one, will be received with vastly more than a passing feeling of regret by everybody whose good fortune it was to know him. Albeit a journalist of rare capacity, a genuine humorist of the sad kind—

Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught— and a brilliant talker, he was, to quote a line that was not seldom on his own lips, "a might-have-been." His irrepressibly adventurous spirit led him to join the English volunteers who went out in the *Melazzo* to fight under Garibaldi; but, although he brought home reminiscences enough to make a remarkably vivid book and add to his reputation as a writer for magazines, he was not made of the stuff out of which methodical special correspondents are hewn, and he remained to the end as much a free lance in literature as he had been during his brief experience of guerrilla warfare. In those days he was associated with a brilliant group of men, several of whom were identified with the publications of Mr. S. O. Beeton. The Broughs, T. W. Robertson, J. Wyndham, and Paul Gray, amongst those who have passed, were with him; also Messrs. R. B. Wormald, Stebbing, and one or two others among those who remain. We believe we are correct in stating that Mr. Stevens was the original writer of "Notes on News" in the *Sportsman*, to which journal he also contributed occasional verse, and a series of clever papers under the *nom de plume* (previously used by Mr. Baxter Langley in the *Morning Star*) of "A Man in the Street." On the secession of the late Mr. Walter Crossman from the *Sporting Gazette*, he was engaged to write "The Man About Town;" but, metal more attractive turning up in another quarter, the service which he rendered to the *Gazette* was soon severed. Subsequently he became connected with the *Sporting Times*, under Dr. Shorthouse's editorship; and—never

having been absent from its columns for long together—again, we believe, in something like the former fashion, with the *Sportsman*. Poor Stevens! He was a man to be loved rather than liked. Those who knew him best will mourn him most. In the spirit which permeates their sorrow we pay this humble tribute to his memory.

MISS EMILY MOTT.

MISS EMILY MOTT, whose portrait will be found on another page, is a young vocalist who, although only a short time before the public, has already made her mark, and appears likely to attain an enviable position in the musical profession. Happily, perhaps, for herself, the career of this young artist has not been chequered by any of those incidents which impart thrilling interest to biographical sketches; but a few facts may fitly accompany her portrait, and may prove acceptable to her many admirers and friends.

Miss Mott is the daughter of Mr. Superintendent Mott, whose popularity is universal, and has been of no slight advantage to his daughter. Born in London in the year 1854, she made her first appearance in public as a vocalist when in her nineteenth year. In the following year (1873) she sang with success in concerts at Exeter Hall, St. James's Hall, and other London locales, and also in the provinces; and on Nov. 20, 1873, gave her first concert at St. James's Hall, under Royal patronage, with the assistance of Mr. Sims Reeves and other artists of the highest rank. In November, 1874, she gave her second concert at St. James's Hall, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and a third concert in November last. On each occasion the hall was crowded, and Miss Mott received highly favourable notices from leading metropolitan journals. Besides singing recently at the Alexandra Palace and the Westminster Aquarium, she last month made a great success at the Brighton Aquarium, and was highly praised by the local journals. Before she appeared in public as a vocalist, Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. Sims Reeves heard her sing. They both pronounced her voice to be good, and recommended her to make vocal music her special study. Her chief instructor was Mr. Edwin M. Lott, to whose care in guiding her over the threshold of her career much of her subsequent success is due. Her voice is a pure contralto, of extensive range and good quality; she articulates well, sings like a musician, and infuses so much intelligence and expression into her songs that she always meets with a sympathetic and favourable reception. She is not only a successful vocalist but a well-trained musician, and has on several occasions obtained warm applause for her pianoforte-playing, both in solos and in duets, with her clever little sister, Miss Lily Mott, who bids fair to become as distinguished in instrumental as is her sister in vocal music. Miss Mott is not only accomplished, but amiable. She has won "golden opinions from all sorts of" people; and everyone will join in wishing her a prosperous and happy career in the profession which she is so well qualified to adorn.

RINKOMANIA.

ERE the tide begins to turn and the rage for locomotion on roller-skates subsides, Mr. Alfred Thompson has allowed his fanciful pencil to describe a few original figures "On the Rink," and the result is the series of graceful sketches presented on another page. Whether the real ice-rink, which Professor Gamgee has been the first to start at the Old Clock House, Chelsea, and which it is on the cards may be one of the special attractions of the Langham Skating-Rink, will ultimately lessen the popularity of the roller-skate, we are not prepared to say. Plimpton is unquestionably master of the situation at present. Of asphalt rinks there is no end. The cry is still they come. Last Saturday saw the opening of the Oxford-circus Rink, which, while gaudier than any other London rink, and bearing some resemblance to the Argyll Rooms, has the great demerit of not being so lofty as the Royal Avenue, and other rinks of established popularity. Yet another new rink, the Grand Central, free, it is to be hoped, from this defect, will be thrown open to-night, the Holborn Amphitheatre having been transformed to suit the prevailing passion by Mr. G. F. Josling. That we shall live to see Othello and Robert on wheels, and, above all, see the Albert Hall devoted to "rinkomaniacs," the one purpose for which it seems to be best suited, are among the possibilities which Mr. Alfred Thompson has not shrunk from foreshadowing, but which we dare not venture to say another word about.

THE BURY AND THETFORD RAILWAY was, on Wednesday last, opened for passenger traffic. This line is connected with the Watton, Swaffham, and the Thetford branches, and thereby Bury St. Edmunds and Lynn are in direct communication with each other.

THE WORST SLAVE CIRCULAR (by a Brute of a Bachelor).—The Wedding-ring.—*Punch*.

THE CAPTAIN WEBB TESTIMONIAL FUND has amounted to £2424 4s. 11d.; but the famous Channel swimmer has received various other sums, including a gift from Shropshire of upwards of £500, which Captain Webb has presented to his father, who has been in ill-health for some time.

THE EARL OF WILTON has been very ill since the commencement of the week from weakness after a sharp attack of gout. On Tuesday and Wednesday the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck), and many other friends sent or called personally to inquire after the Earl's health. On Wednesday the answer given to the many inquiries was that "Lord Wilton has passed a good night and is somewhat better to-day."

THE MARRIAGE OF PROFESSOR TYNDALL to Miss Louisa Claud Hamilton, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, took place on Tuesday at two o'clock in Westminster Abbey. The marriage was celebrated by Dean Stanley, at his especial request; and, as a mark of friendship for the learned professor, the Dean selected the chapel of Henry VII. for the rite. In addition to the parents of the bride and a few relatives and friends there were present Professor Huxley, Dr. Hooker, Sir F. Pollock, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Mr. Spottiswoode.

THE ALEXANDRA PARK SPRING TROTTING MEETING will take place on Monday, April 10. The races will be run under the Alexandra Palace Company's Trotting Rules. First Race: A handicap by given distance of 30 sovs, for ponies not exceeding 13 hands; the winner of two heats to receive 25 sovs; the second, 3 sovs, and the third 2 sovs, in the final heat; entrance, 1 sov; acceptance, 10s., to go to the fund; about two miles. Second Race: A Handicap by given distance of 100 sovs, for horses of 13 hands and upwards, to be drawn in heats; the first and second in each heat to trot in the final heat; the first horse in the final heat to receive 70 sovs; the second, 10 sovs; and the third, 5 sovs; entrance, 2 sovs; acceptance, 1 sov, to go to the fund; distance, about two miles. Entries close to G. B. Wood, Alexandra Park, Muswell Hill, London, on March 17. The handicap to appear on March 29. The acceptances close on April 5. Handicapper, Mr. Charles Bastien, Ponder's End, Middlesex.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a sure cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all Chemists in boxes, eight powders, 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—John Scott.—N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[Advrt.]

DIES CINERUM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HISTRION'S HORNBOOK."

LAST Wednesday was the first day of Lent. On that occasion all the theatres in the metropolis were closed, and all the histrions, male and female, deprived of a day's wages. I profess that upon this matter I have no great learning; nor, indeed, do I aspire to any. It matters no whit to me whether the Fathers were in the habit of denominating the day *caput jejunii*, or whether its true ecclesiastical term be *dies cinerum*. It in no degree reconciles me to the Lord Chamberlain's ideas regarding it to know that its present commencement was instituted by Pope Felix III. in A.D. 487, and that the ceremony of sprinkling ashes was introduced by Gregory the Great some time between 590 and 604. These are points which may be left to those who are wholly given over to the study of ecclesiastical history. The simple common-sense question which I have to put is this: In the name of all that is preposterous, what is the connection between the Vatican and the Chamberlain's office; and on what grounds are the enactments of Popes of Rome made to effect the temporal welfare of actors of England? It is, methinks, hardship enough that by Act of Parliament the actor should be in our own country classed as a vagabond. But that the doings of spiritual potentates deceased more than a thousand years ago should affect his pocket at this advanced period in the history of the planet seems to me altogether most intolerable.

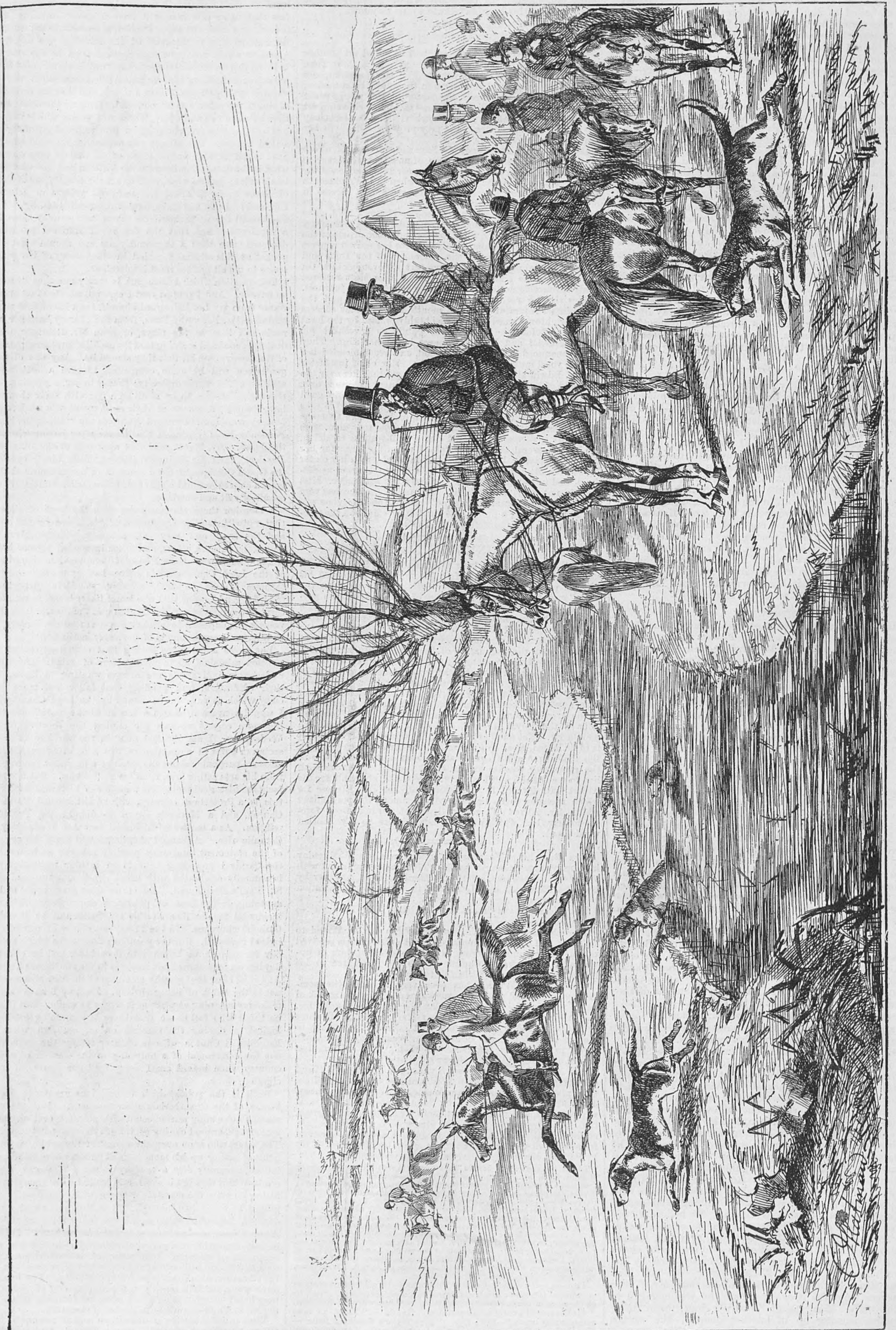
The question which I have put is surely one that demands an answer. And I protest that I care not whether that answer comes from my Lord Hertford himself, from his affable representative Mr. Ponsonby-Fane, from the literary barrister who reads and licenses the plays, or from Mr. Robinson, whose duties are confined to seeing that the architectural arrangements of the theatres are all that they should be. Any one of these gentlemen will be quite competent to give a satisfactory solution of the whole difficulty; that is to say, supposing their theological studies to be at all on a par with their theatrical information. A glance at their most recent acts renders this fact clear. Lord Hertford licensed the "Ripelle." Mr. Ponsonby-Fane continued the license after having witnessed the dance. Mr. Pigott read and approved of the libretto of *Dagobert*. And Mr. Robinson (Heaven bless him!) considers the Opéra Comique, if not a triumph of architectural skill, at least a convenient and elegant structure, with sufficiently safe means of exit and entrance.

I mention these circumstances with the hope of showing that, notwithstanding the sneers of gentlemen on the press, and the long and very extraordinary evidence given by managers, authors, actors, and other interested persons before Select Committees of the House of Commons, the department of the Lord Chamberlain's office having control over the theatres is—is, in fact, a very wonderful department indeed. And I opine that one is not likely to ask in vain concerning the relations of the Church and the theatre from individuals so competent to decide upon the saltatory, literary, and architectural requirements of the latter institution.

But there are persons having that very inconvenient disposition miscalled an inquiring turn of mind. These most undesirable individuals are always wanting to know. For their edification, and pending that fuller and more lucid essay which is sure to be issued by the Lord Chamberlain, I would venture to allege a few of what appear to me to be the more cogent reasons for closing the theatres on Ash Wednesday. I am the last man in the world to raise any sectarian point in a question of this sort, being myself in no measure particular about the creed of a man, but judging him from his acts rather than from his professions. But historical facts are historical facts. As a matter of historical fact, then, this is a Protestant country, with an Established Protestant Church, and a Monarch sworn to uphold the Protestant religion. As a matter of historical fact Ash Wednesday is a Catholic rite. Advanced Anglicans will deny the accuracy of the statement, and may possibly ask you to believe that the Carnival preceding Lent is an insular institution, and is annually celebrated with great public spirit in and about St. Paul's-churchyard. But these dear good souls will say anything in the heat of polemical controversy. The rites incidental to the *dies cinerum* are incidental to it only in Catholic churches. In the Protestant places of worship it is indeed regarded. But the peculiar celebrations which give the day its name have fallen into desuetude, and in effect the day has an importance not superior to that of Shrove Tuesday. And it is clear that worthy members of the Establishment are not in the habit of being shriven. Possibly I have failed to make my meaning as plain as it might be made. But if there be those who fail to see that there is something essentially logical in closing the theatres on an occasion when the Established Church of one country retains the name without the ceremonial of a holy day in the Church of another country, then indeed am I sorry for their powers of ratiocination.

Such is the politico-historico-religious argument for the fitness of the Chamberlain's arrangement. But there are reasons not wholly unconnected with political economy which render this annual closing of the playhouses most expedient. The actor, who is an overpaid servant of the public, is in the habit of saving up his money—is of parsimonious habits, and, indeed, generally dies a wealthy miser. The *dies cinerum* reminds him that life is short, and while he has time it is only fitting to obey the mandate "Down with the dust." For, indeed, he is but dust himself, and is thus addressed on this day (if, haply, he will report to the services appointed), *Memento homo, quod pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris*. It is that he may remember in a period of enforced reflection (for never being out of an engagement reflection must be enforced) no sock and buskin will accompany him when he crosses Styx, that the Chamberlain affords him this opportunity. The loss of a day's wage, too, will teach him the uncertainty of riches, and may haply occasion arguments with his landlady much conducive to his advancement in the art of elocution.

With much humility I offer these cogent reasons to serve till we have heard from St. James's Palace. And I do firmly believe that no more satisfactory reasons can be alleged by the authorities to whom I have appealed.



WEEDING A FIELD.

The Drama.

PANTOMIMES have nearly all disappeared. Mr. Rice terminated his season at Covent Garden last Saturday. To-night will see the last of *Whittington and his Cat* at Drury Lane, and of *Lady Godiva* at Sangers'; the only pantomimes now remaining are those at the Surrey and the Grecian.

In addition to the morning performances on Saturday last of *The Merchant of Venice*, with Mr. Phelps as Shylock, at the Gaiety; of *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville, and *All for Her* at the St. James's, *Leah* was represented at the Lyceum, Miss Bate-man having sufficiently recovered to reappear, and she has also resumed her impersonation of Emilia at the evening performances of *Othello*.

At the Gaiety morning performances took place also on Monday and Tuesday. On Monday *Othello* was represented, with Mr. Creswick as the Moor and Mr. Bandmann as Iago, for the first time in London. On Tuesday *Adrienne Lecouvreur* was performed, with Messrs. Ryder and Harcourt and Miss Goliere in the leading characters.

At the Crystal Palace, on Tuesday, Mr. Toole and the Gaiety company appeared in *A Spelling Bee and Domestic Economy*. The new series of dramatic representations, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, commenced on Thursday, when *Henry VIII.* was performed, with Mr. Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey, and the other characters supported by the Gaiety company. The series will be continued each Tuesday and Thursday during this month. The following plays will be produced:—Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* (with Sullivan's music); George Colman, jun., and David Garrick's *Clandestine Marriage*; Sophocles's *Antigone* (with Mendelssohn's music); Charles Reade's *Ladies' Battle*; George Colman, jun.'s *Heir-at-Law*; Poole's *Paul Pry*; and George Colman, jun.'s *The Jealous Wife*. Some of the most eminent artists in the profession have been engaged.

At the Alexandra Palace the third of the series of "popular plays at popular prices" was given on Tuesday, when Mr. Gilbert's *Palace of Truth* was performed, with Miss Rose Leclercq as Princess Zeolide, supported in the other leading characters by Miss Maggie Brennan, Rose Evelyn; Messrs. W. Belford, E. Marshall, C. Steyne, &c. *Othello* was the play selected for Thursday, with Mr. Hermann Vezin as Othello, Mr. W. Rignold as Iago, Miss Carlotta Addison as Desdemona, and Miss Isabel Clifton as Emilia.

The novelties of the week have been the revival at the Strand on Saturday of Mr. Byron's *Rival Othellos*; the production on the same evening, at the Duke's, of a new musical burlesque, by Mr. Burnand, under the title of *On the Rink*; or, *The Girl He Left Behind Him*. On Monday a new first piece, written by the brothers A. Beckett, and entitled *An Indian Puzzle*, replaced *Our Card Basket* at the German Reed's entertainment; and on Thursday evening a new comedieta, by Mr. Horace Wigan, was produced at the St. James's under the title of *Real and Ideal*.

TO-DAY, besides the last morning performances of the pantomimes at Drury Lane and Sangers', Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, with Mr. Phelps as Malvolio, will be represented at the Gaiety. *Our Boys* will be played at the Vaudeville; and *Genevieve de Brabant*, with Miss Soldene as Drogan, supported by the original cast, and *Trial by Jury* will be performed at the Opera Comique.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"THE GASCON."

Although neither for historical accuracy nor cohesive continuity of story can the romantic drama, *The Gascon*; or, *Love or Loyalty*, adapted by Mr. Musker from the French of M. Barrière, and produced here last week, be pronounced a good play, yet it abounds in so many stirring and effective, if sometimes improbable, incidents and scenes, is put on the stage with such care and picturesque splendour, and is so well acted by at least three of the leading characters—the Chevalier Artaban (the Gascon) by Mr. Henry Neville; Mary Carmichael, Maid of Honour to Marie Stuart, by Miss Fanny Josephs; and Lord Maxwell, the arch plotter against the Queen, by Mr. George Neville—that *The Gascon* is likely to prove attractive for some time. Some minor episodes in the career of the beautiful Queen of Scots, principally her love intrigue with the poet Chastelard, form the basis of the story, the chief agent, prime mover, and most prominent character in which is the Gascon adventurer, Artaban de Puycadere, who is endowed with all the reckless daring, assumed chivalry, unblushing braggadocio, and ready wit characteristic of his nation, and who is ever ubiquitous to aid his friend Chastelard's love-suit with the Queen; to prosecute his own with the pretty maid of honour, Mary Carmichael; to enable the Queen to enter her palace at Holyrood in spite of her turbulent Edinburgh subjects, who tried to compel her to renounce her religion; to counteract the machinations of Lords Maxwell, Darnley, and Ruthven, who were conspiring against her Majesty; and, finally, although treacherously assailed and left for dead by Maxwell and his associates, our hero manages to save the honour of the Queen by enabling Chastelard to escape by a secret passage from her Majesty's private oratory, and taking his place by the Queen's side just as Maxwell and his co-conspirators forced their entrance, in hopes of discovering the lover with her Majesty. For his bravery and loyalty the Gascon, at his own request, is created by the Queen a Prince, and receives the hand of Mary Carmichael, whose love he had won in the first tableaux by rescuing her from some roystering students at the fair at St. Germain. The villain, Maxwell, is denounced as a traitor, and sent to prison, and the play terminates. The portrait of Marie Stuart in the play, as limned by the author, is anything but flattering, and will scarcely be acceptable here except as a caricature. Her facile proneness to love-making with her poet lover in the earlier scenes and her strongly demonstrative *légèreté* in the final tableau of the private oratory were, to say the least, wholly undignified and unqueenlike. The portrait must have been modelled after some of the heroines of the younger Dumas's drama, as the character of the Gascon is a replica, more-over faint, of Darnley in the "Three Musketeers" of the elder Dumas. Mr. Henry Neville enacts this latter part with unflinching dash, chivalrous bearing, and characteristic coolness. Mrs. Rousby looks the fascinating Marie Stuart to perfection, and on the only one or two occasions where force or intensity were called for adequately displays these qualities. Miss Fanny Josephs plays the part of Mary Carmichael with refined grace and marked intelligence. Her wheedling the Duenna to join in the escapade of a visit to the fair is exquisitely piquant, and in the fourth tableau where, under the compulsion of Lord Maxwell, she, to save the life of her loved Artaban, renounces him, she created a marked impression by the artistic expression of suppressed emotion. Mr. George Neville gives full melodramatic effect to the impersonation of the plotting Scotch Lord Maxwell. Mr. Lytton Sothorn did all that was possible for the small part of Darnley, and Mr. W. H. Fisher looked well as the poet-lover Chastelard, and sung a graceful serenade, composed by Mr. Mallandaine, very pleasingly; but a little more animation and fervour would improve the impersonation. A host of

subordinate characters are efficiently represented. The play is preceded by a brisk and well-written comedieta, by Mr. George Neville, entitled *The Reconciliation*, which is sustained with spirited vivacity by Messrs. Vollaie and Lytton-Sothorn, and Messrs. Hazelton and Taylor.

THE DUKE'S THEATRE.

"ON THE RINK" AND "TOO TRUE."

After a renewed lengthened career on its last revival, the famous burlesque *Black-Eyed Susan* has been withdrawn, and is replaced by a new piece of absurdity, by Mr. Burnand, entitled *On the Rink*; or, *The Girl He Left Behind Him*, and produced for the first time on Saturday night. Although styled a musical burlesque, *On the Rink* is in reality an extravagant farce, enlivened by some ludicrous situations and several tuneful songs and dances; while the only connection with the prevailing craze to justify its title is the introduction, in the last of the three scenes in which the action takes place, of a rink and a ballet on wheeled skates by the corps of daintily-attired young ladies. In this scene there is also a very pretty "Wedding-bell chorus," composed by Mr. T. Gough, the musical director, and admirably sung by some half dozen page boys. This was enthusiastically encored, and promises to become as popular as the "Spring chorus" in *Babil and Bijou*.

Mr. Craven's effective drama *Too True* still maintains its place in the bills, and has grown into an enduring success. We last week gave an illustration of one of the most effective scenes in this drama, that of the second act, in the honest carpenter's cottage at Symington, where Alice Fernley (Miss Louisa Moore) confesses to her confiding husband, John Fernley (Mr. Craven), that through pity alone she had concealed Arthur Nelthorpe in their house. The figures on the left of John Fernley are Rupert Coventry (Mr. Frank Roland) and his sister Janet (Miss Ada Lester), the fugitive Nelthorpe's lover, whose groundless jealousy has led her to become instrumental in Alice's arrest. The Government spy, Gilbert Sellman (Mr. Richton), stands behind the soldiers, secretly exulting in the success of his villainy; and in front of him is Papworth, the Sheriff of Hampshire, holding the warrant for Alice's apprehension for her complicity in aiding Nelthorpe to escape.

Broken Hearts will be represented for the last time, on Friday night next, at the Court, as on the following evening will be revived, for the first time these ten years, Mr. Palgrave Simpson's three-act comedy, *A Scrap of Paper*, an adaptation of Sardou's celebrated piece, *Les Pattes de Mouche*.

The last representations of *Madame l'Archiduc* and *Trial by Jury* are announced at the Opéra Comique, as, previous to the termination of Mr. Morton's occupancy of this theatre on April 8, there are to be six representations of *Genevieve de Brabant*, with the whole of the original cast; and also of *Madame Angot*—Miss Emily Soldene appearing in the rôles of Drogan in the former, and Mdle. Lange in the latter.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES and suite attended the Haymarket Theatre on Tuesday evening.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Harry Jackson has been induced to forsake the music-halls, into which, by-the-by, so admirable a comedian should never have gone. He has made a decided hit as Widow Souchong in the pantomime of *Aladdin*, at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester; and Mrs. John Wood has engaged him as her manager at the St. James's Theatre after the present season. On April 17 Mr. Alfred Celliar's successful opéra-bouffe, the *Sultan of Mocha*, will be produced at this house, with a strong cast, including Mr. G. W. Anson, who is at present at the Court Theatre.

We learn that Mrs. John Wood has secured a new and original eccentric comedy, in which that accomplished lady will herself sustain the leading character.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL and her nephew, Walter Bentley, have commenced this week, at Bath, a series of dramatic readings; and we understand they will make a tour throughout the provinces.

DUBLIN THEATRE ROYAL.—To-day (Saturday) the pantomime at this theatre will be brought to a close, after a most successful run of ten weeks. The great "hit" which it has been is not a little attributable to the ability of Miss Sudlow, who, as Dick, worked hard and zealously during the entire season. The harlequinade was especially attractive, thanks to the Messrs. Lauri, who played clown and pantaloons. Master Charles Lauri made a capital cat; and on Tuesday night the lad took his benefit, the house being crowded in every part.

"RIVAL OTHELLOS" AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

THIS burlesque-farce, which bears, as its author, the name of Mr. Henry J. Byron, is an interesting proof of the fickleness of fashion. In the drama, as well as in dress, every few years show us such changes of taste as might well convince us of the eventual worthlessness of any but the very highest artistic productions. One can laugh at Mr. Terry's grotesque caricature of Mr. Irving because that caricature is clever and carefully studied; but when one reflects upon the subject it becomes evident that it is altogether unfair to introduce in a piece upon one stage satirical remarks reflecting upon the presumed failure of an actor in another. Where a performance has been a great popular success it is a legitimate subject for burlesque: but not otherwise.

However, whatever sting lies in the *Rival Othellos* is very much covered over by the thoroughly good-humoured and good-natured manner in which Mr. Terry and Mr. Marius interpret their parts. The latter, as Signor Malvini, burlesques the features of Salvini's Othello in a very bright and lively manner, though not quite so humorously as Mr. W. J. Hill rendered them at the Haymarket, under Mr. Edgar Bruce's management, last year. The trifle, however, goes off with effect.

SCENES FROM "L'ETRANGERE"

APPROPOS of the crowning triumph of "Le Moraliste Imaginaire's" career—the production of his latest comedy at the Théâtre Français—we printed a portrait of M. Alexandre Dumas in our Number for Feb. 19, and presented with it a narrative of the plot of *L'Etrangère*. The scenes which we now add from the facile pencil of a skilful Parisian Artist represent the leading situations in each act. In spite of the dictum of M. Thiers on the *L'Etrangère* (quoted on page 563), we may repeat with the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*:—"The dialogue is marvellously sparkling, and delivered by the best French actors in the world. Coquelin plays the Duke with admirable delicacy; Got represents the Diogenes of the piece, Dr. Rémonin, with masterly genius; while Mounet-Sully makes a forcible Gerard; and Fevre depicts Clarkson with inimitable humour and breadth. Mdle. Croisette, who plays the Duchess de Septmonts with feeling and elegance, was neither quite a Duchess nor quite a Mdle. Moriceau; but M. Dumas has had rare good luck in having Mrs. Clarkson played by one of the most finished actresses of the French stage. Mdle. Sarah

Bernhardt has given to the part of Mrs. Clarkson a grandeur and a lofty character of mingled scorn and hatred which will make it one of the most complete and greatest creations of the modern drama."

Music.

Music intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

THE concert which was given at the Royal Albert Hall yesterday week, by command of her Majesty, drew an immense audience. Financially, the results must have been splendid; artistically, the concert presented little to merit approval. So little information has been vouchsafed as to the organisation of the concert that it is impossible to say whether the selection of the music and executants was the work of one or of several individuals. A glance at the programme would encourage the latter hypothesis; for it presents a disorderly concourse of atoms, which appear to have been thrown together by various suggestors, without any subsequent arrangement by a competent ruling chief. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.	
Overture, "Ruy Blas".....	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Se il rigor" "La Juive".....	Halévy.
Duet, "Sull' aria" "Le Nozze di Figaro".....	Mozart.
Introduction to Act 3 "Lohengrin".....	Wagner.
Aria, "Qui la voce" "I Puritani".....	Belini.
Selection of Russian Sacred Music.....	
Sacred Song, "There is a Green Hill".....	
Overture, "Di Ballo".....	Arthur Sullivan.
Selection from the "Hymn of Praise".....	
Duet and chorus, "I waited for the Lord".....	
Tenor solo, "The sorrows of death".....	
Recitative, "We called through the darkness".....	
Chorus, "The night is departing".....	
PART II.	
Overture, "William Tell".....	Rossini.
Aria, "Saper Vorreste" "Un Ballo in Maschera".....	Verdi.
Part-Song, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps".....	Henry Leslie.
Aria, "Batti, batti" "Don Giovanni".....	Mozart.
Overture, "Mirella".....	Gounod.
Song, "Sweethearts".....	Sullivan.
Chorus, "Ye Mariners of England".....	Pierson.
Overture, "Oberon".....	Weber.

The conductors were Mr. George Mount and Mr. Barnby, both of whom acquitted themselves with great ability. It should be added, that at the end of Part I, one of Mendelssohn's organ solos was well played by Mr. Willing; that the vocalists were Mdles. Albani ("Qui la voce"), Thalberg ("Batti, batti"), Bianchi ("Saper vorreste"), Mrs. Patey ("There is a green hill"), Mr. E. Lloyd ("Sweethearts"), and Signor Foli ("Se il rigor"); that the orchestra was composed of the British Orchestral Society, reinforced by recruits to the number of over 130; that the chorus, numbering about 700 voices, was composed of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, which has been made by Mr. Barnby's zealous exertions one of the finest choral bodies in existence; and that, according to the rules of the British Orchestral Society (of which H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh is president or patron) only British players and singers were allowed to take part in the orchestral and choral performances. So incongruous an assemblage of musical selections is seldom found in a concert programme. The Russian music was splendidly sung by the choir, and was well worth hearing; but it came oddly on the ear immediately after the listeners had been carried back, in imagination, to the scenes and action of Bellini's opera. Had only the slow cantabile of "Qui la voce" been sung the effect would have been less bizarre; but the solemn music set to the motet, "Turn thee again O Lord!" followed immediately upon the brilliant stretto of the Italian scena, with its runs, shakes, and chromatic scales—and the effect was anything but agreeable. Gounod's "Calvary Song" was followed by an important selection of sacred music from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"; but, with a bad taste which approaches the borders of indecency, the framers of the programme thought proper to introduce between the two sacred pieces Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Overture di Ballo"—*Anglice*, "Dance overture"—which is, of course, a collection of waltz and quadrille tunes, made as gay as possible by the instrumentation. With every dislike of cant, we must protest against a disarrangement which could hardly fail to shock the feelings of many worthy, pious people, and was also objectionable in itself, as being unfavourable both to the sacred and the secular music which were thus wonderfully jumbled together. In other respects the programme is open to censure. Halévy's aria is unfit for the concert-room. "Sull' aria" (sung by Mdles. Albani and Bianchi), "Qui la voce," and "Batti, batti," have been hackneyed to death, and ought for some time to come to be relegated to the operatic stage. Gounod's song strikes us as one of his weakest compositions, and Mr. Sullivan has certainly written many better songs than "Sweethearts." The part-song, though good, is by no means Mr. Leslie's best; while the chorus, "Ye mariners of England" is utter commonplace noisily expressed. The concert was redeemed from utter artistic failure by the excellence of the orchestra and chorus. It is said that her Majesty did not wish to hear a symphony, and consequently the orchestra could only display its fine quality in the overtures and in the introduction to act three of *Lohengrin*. Finer orchestral playing could not be desired, and the superiority of English stringed-instrument players was again demonstrated in the *William Tell* overture (the violoncello introduction splendidly played by Mr. Edward Howell), while the wind-instruments obtained almost equal distinction in Weber's lovely overture. The choristers sang splendidly, and did infinite credit to themselves and to Mr. Barnby. Their singing in the Russian sacred music and in the Mendelssohn selection merited the utmost praise, and was indeed the most acceptable feature in a performance which did little credit to its arrangers, and was by no means "a dainty dish to set before a Queen" who is herself an excellent musician, and has always cultivated and encouraged the higher forms of art.

There is another feature in the concert which must not escape notice. Over twenty pieces were performed, and of these only four were by English composers. We have no wish to encourage Chauvinism in music, nor to bid for popularity by clap-trap appeals to patriotic instincts. In politics such a course may prove profitable, and there will always be such politicians as the fiercely active electioneerer at Cork, who proved to be "patriot to a brewer;" but true art needs none but disinterested and honest defenders, and suffers when passion or prejudice are summoned to her aid. We must, however, ask whether the programme of this concert—a concert which was an event of national importance—gives a fair representation of English art and artists? Of the three English composers illustrated, one (Mr. Pierson) never reached a place among third-rate composers; Mr. Leslie has written some pretty part-songs, which are his only successes; Mr. Sullivan is a

cleyer composer, who is less esteemed for what he has done than encouraged for what it is hoped he may do hereafter. There can be no excuse for placing his name three times in the programme, while much greater names are conspicuous by their absence. Surely justice to native art demanded that two of Mr. Sullivan's three places in the list should be occupied by Sterndale Bennett and Macfarren. Purcell, Arne, Bishop, Balfe, Loder, Wallace, and Barnett could have furnished vocal music quite as acceptable as the five operatic selections sung by the foreign artists who assisted; and, without wishing the selection confined exclusively to English music, we must regret that on this great public occasion English art was unjustly treated, in the face of the whole world, and in the presence of England's Queen.

Many communications have reached us containing remonstrances on the preference shown to foreign artists by the arrangers of the concert, and we have been asked to comment upon the fact that of the six solo vocalists four were foreigners, and that Madame Patey and Mr. Lloyd probably owed their engagements to the fact that a contralto and tenor were indispensable, and the foreign contraltos and tenors were all absent from London. We have no desire to dwell on the subject, but we must deplore the injustice and folly which characterise this part of the arrangements. If three sopranos were thought necessary, was it also thought necessary that all three should be foreigners? Was there not room for one or even two English sopranos? So far as art is concerned, we have no wish to depreciate Mdle. Albani, Thalberg, and Bianchi; but everyone knows that they are not yet finished artists, although highly promising; while it would have been easy to find English artists with equally good or better voices, and very far superior powers of execution. Had Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Rose Hersee, or Miss Blanche Cole sang chromatic scales as badly as they were sung by Mdle. Albani in "Qui la voce," or sung "sharp," as she did; had they sung "Sull' aria" as ineffectively as it was sung by that young lady and Mdle. Thalberg; had they sung with the want of final polish which was more or less exhibited by each of the three foreign vocalists, people would have opened their eyes in astonishment. The Queen, representing the nation, commands a concert. We have seen how the claims of national art are treated on this important occasion; and we are anxious to know who is responsible for the arrangements. We also wish to learn what will become of the profits—which must have been large, or else no concert at the Albert Hall can pay. Is the money to go to the British Orchestral Society, or to the impecunious patriots of South Kensington? It is not right that there should be any doubt on this part of the subject, considering that her Majesty's name has been used as sanctioning the concert. One thing is clear—if the South Kensington folk are responsible for the musical arrangements we are warned in time what may be expected should they succeed in getting into their hands the musical education of the people.

Musical Review.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, publish "Waiting for thee," a serenade, with flowing verses by B. S. Montgomery. The music, by E. L. Hime, is remarkably melodious, and, as the compass required only extends from E to E, the song will be acceptable to a large number of singers. It is one of Mr. E. L. Hime's best productions. "In the gloaming" is a song written by Meta Orred, with music by Virginia Gabriel. The words are of the gloomy and incomprehensible sort, in which the interjection "O!" is more abundant than common-sense and grammar, to say nothing of rhythm. One extract will suffice:—

In the gloaming, O, my darling!
When the merry song is still'd,
And your voices sink in whispers,
And the thought your heart has thrill'd
Rises all day long 'neath jest and laughter,
And your eyes are filled with bitter tears for my lost face,
Think only of a trust fulfilled.

The fifth and sixth lines are delicious. Nonsense verses are not likely to prove inspiring to composers, and Miss Gabriel has been unable to attach any musical interest to the words of "In the gloaming." "Rève d'un Guerrier" is the title of a pianoforte romance, by Walter von Rosen, a well-written, dramatic, and picturesque composition, in which the martial character is preserved without the infusion of noise and vulgarity. There are some passages in it which can be made highly effective by moderately accomplished players. "La Belle Bohémienne," by the same composer, is a pianoforte composition in polka form, and, though inferior in pretensions to the "Rève d'un Guerrier," is bright and effective.

MESSRS. D. DAVISON AND CO., 244, Regent-street, publish three songs by Mr. Wilford Morgan. "A Mother's Love," written by Maria Hayes, is a simple but tuneful fireside song, such as a young mother might sing to her child. The melody lies within the compass of nine notes (D to E), and the song is eminently singable. "My heart is thine for ever" is a love-song in the key of F, common time, compass only nine notes. The words are fairly good, although such rhymes as "wither" and "together," "ever" and "deceiver," are scarcely permissible. The music is capital, and not only amateurs, but professional vocalists of both sexes, will find "My heart is thine for ever" a valuable addition to their répertoires. The excellent likeness of Mr. Wilford Morgan which adorns the title-page will no doubt render the song additionally attractive to his numerous admirers. "On the Sea" has the important recommendation of possessing some well-written words by Mr. W. Winter, who has told the pathetic story of two lovers—parted for ever—in language which is doubly praiseworthy because its pathos is affecting, while free from affectation and trickery. Of Mr. Wilford Morgan's share in the work we are bound to speak highly. The interesting words of "By the Sea" have been fitted with charmingly expressive music; full of real pathos, yet simple in form. The melody is worthy of Dibdin, the accompaniments are effective, without being difficult, and "By the Sea" deserves a wide popularity. "Aspiration" is the title of a song, written and composed by Frank James Amor, whose name, as a composer, is new to us, but whom we presume to be the well-known violinist. This is one of the most impassioned love songs we have lately seen; and some idea of its intensity of feeling may be gathered from the directions given with the opening line. The words "Could it but be, that thou didst love me," are to be sung "con voce suffocata delle lagrime;" but how the notes are to be sung by a "voice suffocated by tears" is not explained. Subsequently, the time is changed to "presto disperato," and, later still, to "allegro appassionato." It may be imagined, from these references, that Mr. Amor's song is a mere rhapsody. It is nothing of the kind; but a most interesting vocal romance, original in conception and execution, and a refreshing relief to the methodical commonplaces with which we are continually dosed. Soprano or tenor singers, desirous of opportunities to

display their powers of expression, will find "Aspiration" well worth studying.

CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street, have just published a posthumous "Sonatina" for the pianoforte, by the late lamented W. Sterndale Bennett. It is dedicated to his grandson, and in many portions it exhibits a charming playfulness which forcibly recalls Mendelssohn under analogous circumstances. The slow movement, "Andante souve," has all that tender grace which characterises the andantes of Bennett; and the final "Allegretto" is a lively and sparkling peroration. This sonatina will find a place in every house where the memory of Sterndale Bennett is revered. "Stay, my charmer," is No. 4 of the last set of four songs composed by Sterndale Bennett. The words are by Robert Burns. The melody is simple, and has an eighteenth-century character about it which most persons will relish. The accompaniment, though facile, contains some effective chords, and the song is worthy of the composer; which is the highest commendation that can be offered. "Fearless" is a song, written by A. Temple, with music by F. Campana. The results of this literary and musical collaboration are by no means satisfactory. Mr. Temple has failed in his attempt to depict a middle-aged chevalier, although his lines are full of "battle's cry," "heralds' clarions," "warriors bold," and other luxuries of the Middle Ages. Signor Campana, probably finding little inspiration in Mr. Temple's melancholy rechauffé, has signalled himself by setting it to music, on the humorous principle of placing the least important words in the accented parts of the bars in which they occur. Whether Mr. Temple is capable of better things we are unable to say; but there can be no question that Signor Campana is usually seen to much greater advantage than in this unlucky instance. "Old Donald Gray," written by F. Sanders and composed by W. H. Holmes, is a homely ballad of rustic character, with a concluding moral. Neither words nor music are of high pretensions, but the song belongs to a category which is always popular with a certain class of amateurs. "Bright Eyes" is written by B. Laurein, who has yet to learn that insignificant particles and prepositions must not be accented in poetry, and least of all in lyric poetry: the music, by O. Barri, is much superior to the words. "Fisher Maid" and "When green leaves come again" are two songs, written by Miss Muloch and composed by A. S. Gatty. So far as it is possible to make out the meaning of the first song, it relates to the seduction of a fisher-maiden by a "young sea captain;" and is not palatable either in idea or execution. What Miss Muloch means by the lines

Our ship rock'd at the harbour bar,
Away to the under world,

is perhaps known to herself. Mr. Gatty's music is worthy of better lines, and may obtain acceptance for the song. The second song commences with four lines, in which the future tense and the present tense are bewilderingly confused:—

When green leaves come again, my love,
When green leaves come again,
Why put on such a cloudy face
When green leaves come again?

The third line is evidently in the present tense—the other three in the future. Miss Muloch goes on to characterise spring as "of promise false and vain," which is contrary to the dicta of poets; and her lines are exemplifications of that kind of lyric-writing in which the jingle of rhymes is substituted for poetical ideas. Thus, on page 5, she says,

And yet I sigh, I scarce know why,
When green leaves come again;

while, on page 7, she says,

'Tis good to sing with ev'rything
When green leaves come again;

which is slightly inconsistent. Mr. Gatty has done his best, and has attached to the words a pleasant melody; well harmonised, but has failed to render the song interesting. Composers would study their own interests, to say nothing of their reputations, were they to set music to good poetry only. The lyrics which have preserved their popularity for more than a century have owed their preservation to the quality of their words no less than to their excellent melodies; and when we are called upon to examine the vocal compositions which are constantly being published we feel it to be a duty to criticise words as well as music, because convinced that the quality of our vocal music will be improved or deteriorated in proportion to the elevation or debasement of our lyric poetry.

MRS. STIRLING'S SPEECH.

THE one redeeming feature of Ash-Wednesday in the eyes of playgoers is the welcome speech which Mrs. Stirling makes at the annual dinner of the Dramatic Sick Fund. This theatrical banquet took place last Wednesday at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Mr. Andrew Halliday, and the following is the witty address delivered by Mrs. Stirling in reply to the toast of "The Ladies:—"

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—There was once, nay, I am happy to say that there has been twice, in London an American called Jefferson. I don't mean the Jefferson who was the President of the United States, but the Jefferson (Cheers). He is better known to us, perhaps, by his original name of Rip Van Winkle. If not exactly President of the United States, he deserved to be; though, considering his experience of the United States in the singular, it is not very likely that he would have had any great relish for the other experience of it in the plural (Laughter). But if this illustrious Rip had attended this dinner, say twenty years ago, and had been driven from this room by the too loud tongue of his thrifty wife because he insisted upon giving too much to this Dramatic and Equestrian Sick Fund—as, of course, that reckless and delightful dog would have done—and, failing the Katskill Mountains, he had wandered into St. James's Park, and there, after a carouse with the ghost of Hendrick Hudson, had slept a sleep of twenty years, and thence been removed by some 'bobby' of the future (laughter) and ordered to 'move on,' like poor Jo, what changes would have met his eye ere his return to his repentant wife. Shall we 'move on' a little with him? First to Father Thames, whom we left in a very dirty state and in a very frowsy bed, and now finds tucked in between a pair of magnificent embankments. Rip has wandered to Westminster, where he remembers a squalid fringe of tumble-down hovels and mud-banks there rises a stately hospital staring the still more stately Houses of Parliament in the face. The poor patients from the galleries of the one comfortably contemplate the wealthier patients on the terrace of the other (laughter); and really, when one thinks, one hardly knows which place of suffering is the more worthy of our sympathy, that of the unhappy subjects of St. Thomas's surgery or of the eloquence of St. Stephen's (Much laughter). But, by-the-bye, the original Stephen was the first of martyrs. He is now taking it out by inflicting martyrdom (Renewed laughter). But before he reaches the river how many changes Rip would have seen in the park, to say nothing of the delightfully hard

seats and the sweetly slippery asphalt, and the shrubs so carefully labelled in the most unintelligible manner; though in Buckingham Palace, to be sure, he did not find any very marked improvement (Laughter). He would find the dingy old mansion of the great Marlborough less enlivened by new red bricks and white freestone than by the presence of a lovely and beloved Princess (loud cheers), herself the central flower of a sweet cluster of princely buds and blossoms whom he would have seen at their best—on the look-out for papa (laughter), who is coming home with a tiger under each arm and an elephant in his pocket, and a very large bale of pigskin of his own princely sticking (loud laughter)—all India in love with him. Then, as from the park he was moved on by the assiduous 'bobby' along Pall Mall, how many new club-houses would greet his astonished eye? And as he neared the Strand what a forest of new statues would the poor man have to 'axe' his way through. And for all his axing he would not find out who they were meant for; or, if he did, why they were so fearfully and wonderfully dressed (laughter) or undressed (Renewed laughter). Old George III., in his cocked hat and pigtail, the American signboards of his youth would perhaps have made him familiar with; but poor George IV. on horseback, in his shirt, and without a shoe, to say nothing of a spur to his foot (Laughter). Nelson's Column, that was begun long before he went to sleep, with the Admiral mast-headed at the top and Landseer's lions at the bottom, not merely in their places, but with their necks and backs worn smooth by the rough-riding they have had in vindication of the indefeasible British right of public meeting (Much laughter). Talking of lions, thereby hangs a tale (A laugh). How he must have missed that poor old lord of Northumberland House, sent, if not to Jericho, certainly to Sion—(laughter)—and, like little Bopeep's sheep, carrying his tail behind him—that ancient tail that looked so like a poker, poking either patriotism at the House of Commons or fun at the West-End, I am not sure which. And then, as he moved along the Strand, he might find himself quite unexpectedly in a bright and blooming flower-garden—Leicester-square, transformed from a barren wilderness, and strangely enough, by a Baron Grant. Then, as he moved along the Strand what a host of new theatres at all levels—except the high level—and with what is now called an auditorium, but what used to be called the front when I was a girl (that is a long while ago), 'up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber'—two out of three of them doing, I am told, an immense legitimate business, and ten to one with an Othello in full blast inside them (Laughter). Failing the legitimate, or the legitimate failing, he would have his choice of theatres devoted to the illegitimate drama, with all the charms of Offenbachian melody, and as much legs as can be covered—I should say, uncovered—by the Lord Chamberlain's license (Laughter). Then, if such a sound could pierce through the roar of the Strand from the realms of the Gaiety, mingled with the ring of laughter he might hear what our Poet Laureate has called 'the murmur of innumerable bees'—spelling bees (laughter)—producing, if not honey, a sort of sweetstuff which managers like a great deal better—money. And yet another novelty would perplex our wandering Rip—Dutchman though he is, and so personally familiar with skating in winter weather on honest ice and steel-runner skates. What would be his amazement to find skating in full swing without either winter, or ice, or steel runners to skate upon! Yes! the rink, I'm thinking, would have set him winking, though both as a sportsman and a kind-hearted fellow he would scarce have believed his eyes when he saw the poor little dicky-birds in the ladies' rink-hats. But no; that was a sight he might have seen the other day. But let us hope that he is not awake yet, and that when he is the little birds will have taken their flight from the ladies hats for ever (Cheers). But there is one thing in which Rip would have found no change. If he had left me here at Willis's Rooms, returning thanks for the ladies and pleading the cause of this fund, when he wandered forth into the wilds of St. James's, he would have found me still here after his twenty years' sleep (Loud cheers). Still at the same work; like the daughter of the horse-leech, uttering my annual cry of 'Give! give!'—the cry I must continue to utter, monotonous and melancholy though it may be, so long as our profession is what it is—so pre-eminently a precarious one, divided too often, alas! unequally between prosperity, fame, and public favours and poverty, failure and bitter disappointments, with their sadder concomitants and consequences of destitution, sickness, and death—Death, whose hand is sometimes hailed as that of a friend, so heavy have been the hands that have fallen ere he draws the curtain at last. It is needless to sadden either myself or you. You know well how real and widespread the need is, and without words of mine you will give to its relief to-night—as you have always given—liberally (Cheers). Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,—You have drunk my health as the mouthpiece of my sister artists, for which I thank you. As I began with Rip, I will end with him. 'So here's to your good healths, and your families,' and may you all live long and prosper' (Loud cheers).

Mr. J. W. Anson, answering to the toast of "The Founder of the Association," said that there was now a sum of £1934 to the credit of the fund. The past year had been a heavy one, as the fund had ministered to 2174 days of sickness, assisted forty-eight families to go journeys, and contributed to sixty-four cases of urgent distress. He read a list of liberal donations to the fund, and concluded by proposing the last toast, "The health of the President, Mr. B. Webster," which was drunk with enthusiasm.

A vocal party sung a number of songs during the dinner. It included the Misses E. Mott, Goldsmith, F. Roberts, C. Hodgson, Mascal, and R. Isaacs; and Messrs. Pearson, T. Distin, F. Ryatt, C. Henry, Farquharson, and F. Penna; Mr. Kingsbury officiating as conductor. After the dinner a quadrille party commenced at eleven o'clock, to terminate at three the following morning.

THE GRAND MILITARY STEEPLECHASES take place in connection with those of the Rugby Hunt on Monday and Tuesday, March 13 and 14. The entries are the best which have been obtained for many years, and Mr. Pratt may be congratulated on the flattering prospects of the reunion over this famed hunting country.

EGLINTON AND GRAND NATIONAL HUNT MEETING.—Several of the leading stakes for this meeting close on March 7, as stated in our advertising columns. We believe this is the first occasion on which the Grand National Hunt Meeting is to be held across the border, and we therefore heartily wish it every success. The sum of 1000 sovs has been added to the Grand National Hunt Races, and the total added money amounts to about 1800 sovs. The Bogside Course is one of the best in the country, nearly all pasture, and, being near the sea, is always good going. The fences are natural and safe. Good stabling has been secured, and every possible facility will be afforded to those who may patronise the meeting. The Glasgow and South-Western Railway will run trains direct to the course, the arrival station being about 200 yards from the stand. The meeting takes place on Thursday and Friday, April 6 and 7. Mr. C. G. Shaw, of County-buildings, Ayr, being the secretary and clerk of the course, and Mr. T. Lawley, judge, handicapper, and clerk of the scales, while Major Dixon will officiate as starter.

WORMS IN A TOY TERRIER.—"21, East View, Preston, Oct. 26, 1872.—I administered one-third of a 'Naldire's Powder' to my toy terrier, and within half-an-hour he passed a good many worms, some upwards of a foot long.—John Falls, Captain 8th Regiment." Naldire's Powders are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., by all Chemists, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street, London.—[ADVT.]

RINKOMANIA



DRAWN BY ALFRED THOMPSON.



A FRENCH "POT-HUNTER."

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XLVI.—VESPASIAN.

THE value of Newminster's blood (so far, at least, as his male representatives are concerned) has been so thoroughly proved from the experience of the last few years, that we cannot wonder at the anxiety which possesses breeders to draw heavily upon its resources, which (fortunately for this country) are both plentiful and varied. By the latter expression we must be taken to mean that Newminster's success as a stallion has not been limited (as in Stockwell's case) to any particular class of mares, as witness the happy results of his alliance with daughters of Melbourne, Emilius, Tadmor, Gameboy, Stockwell, Muley Moloch, and others, possessing no characteristics in common, and differing as widely in type and general attributes as can well be imagined. We cannot, therefore, be surprised to find that the produce of such dissimilar members of the thoroughbred family as The Slave, Palma, Seclusion, Licence, Vesta, and Peggy are in themselves varied as regards form and figure, though they have one feature in common with most of Newminster's descendants—that of exquisite quality. Perhaps this is less conspicuous in the subject of our present sketch than among his brethren, but there is still enough to stamp him as a horse of character, while his long and arduous services to various masters upon the turf, from which he retired a practically sound horse, eminently entitle him to the high position which he now holds at Middle Park, whose owner has dowered him with the very cream of his fine collection, and has deemed him worthy to succeed his sire in the affections of the dam of Hermit and other "eligible parties." As a sire he is as yet comparatively untried, the few of his get which have appeared in public being animals of fair class, but hitherto somewhat unfortunate, and lacking the ripeness which it must be left to time and to nature to impart.

Vespasian, bred by the Rawcliffe Company in 1863, is by Newminster out of Vesta, by Stockwell out of Garland, by Langar out of Cast Steel, by Whisker. But although Vespasian was dropped while his dam was in the possession of the above Company, we rather fancy that Mr. T. Hewett, who had previously bred Zephyr, by Windhound from Vesta, must have the credit of his production. Vesta's career at the stud was a short and glorious one, as, after having thrown Sabinus and a few others of less reputation, she was sent to Germany in 1869 with an Adventurer foal at foot. Vespasian's breeding is an instance of the reversal of one of our best known successful crosses, being Touchstone upon Birdcatcher, instead of vice versa, and Apology's may be cited as a similar case among many more, showing that the charm of the "nick" works both ways with equally satisfactory results. In connection with the vagaries of breeding, however, we may call attention to the remarkable difference in looks, action, and capabilities for racing which distinguished Vespasian from his younger brother Sabinus, that "glorious gelding," with which the late Mr. Graham, under the assumed name of "Hessey," was connected during his brilliant racing career. Vespasian took after his dam in general appearance, and was essentially a sprinter, as the record of his performances will show. Sabinus was cast more in the mould of his sire, and though possessed of fine speed, possessed staying powers of a sufficiently high order to enable him to aspire successfully to Ascot Cup honours. But we must hasten on to trace the career of Vespasian, which may be described as generally high class, with occasional brilliant flashes of form sufficient to endure it with "historical" traits, such as we shall have to record in our narrative.

It should be mentioned that Vespasian in his yearling days became the property of Mr. "Henry" Padwick for 420 gs., or at any rate came under his control, although Mr. W. G. Craven was his nominator for some engagements subsequent to the more important ones which were made in the name of the great turf financier. With such belongings, Vespasian was of course transferred to the Goaters' care at Findon, under whose tuition he was early put through his facings, and came out at Bath, with "our Jim" in the saddle, for the Weston Stakes. Seldom has so brilliant a field contested that race, including as it did Student, the Doralice colt, Redan, Rustic, Fleurette, and Qui Vive; but the straight half mile was exactly suited to the "dancing master," who won easily by a length. The extra distance in the Woodcote at Epsom told its tale, for Vespasian was not even placed to Janitor, Mazeppa, and Redan; but he ran more creditably for the New Stakes at Ascot, where four heads only divided Chibisa, Young Monarque, Vespasian, and Redan, the two latter carrying penalties for previous successes. Tom French piloted Vespasian on that day, but Goater once more took him in hand for the Goodwood Molecomb, wherein Student made mincemeat both of him and the wall-eyed Redan. In the Convivial at York he had to be content with a bad third place to Ischia and Strathconan, but managed to beat Chapel Royal in the Rawcliffe Stakes next day, winding up his two-year-old career unsuccessfully in the Doncaster Champagne, and being once more behind his old friend Redan, who walked over after a dead-heat with the redoubtable Lord Lyon. During the recess Vespasian changed hands and trainers, appearing in the Chaplin "rose" at Northampton next year in Earl Spencer's Plate, for which, at the respectable weight of 7st 4lb, he was made a hot favourite, and, winning with great ease in Jimmy Grimshaw's hands, forthwith became a good Derby favourite, save among the party formerly connected with him, who avowed that Bloss would never "transmogrify" the Goaters' T.Y.C. nag into a Derby horse. That they were right the event duly proved, for Vespasian had to beat an early retreat before Lord Lyon, Saverlake, and Co., and henceforth was relegated to his proper sphere—the sprinting line of business. Hippias and Friponnier both cut him down in the Fernhill at Ascot, and Terror and Pintail in the Liverpool Cup, and he fared no better under the guidance of "Cussy" in a £50 plate at Newmarket July. The Kimbolton Cup at Huntingdon was more within his scope, wherein he just did Ostreger by a head, with Cannon up, though Tom could not get him near Sultan and Co. in the Goodwood Steward's Cup; and at Brighton, with odds on him, he had to sing small to Soapstone and Alberta in the Bristol Plate. At Derby he flew at very small game, having only a couple of platers to beat, and showed up moderately at Warwick, losing the first and winning the last race at that meeting; while his wind-up at Newmarket First October was most inglorious; and few were prepared for the transformation-scene afterwards to be presented. In 1867 we find him without one winning bracket out of nine attempts, going down before Marmite, Ostreger, and others in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket First Spring, coming out, after a long rest, at Goodwood, only to be beaten off in the two short-distance cups; making but a poor fight for the Portland Plate at Doncaster, and for the Newmarket October Handicap, and declining to mend his manners, with Fordham up, in a handicap. Cannon, Custance, and Parry all tried their hands in vain, the former managing to get him second to Saccharometer on one occasion; but all their humouring failed to send his number up first on the telegraph-board, and he was set down as incorrigible, with the imputation of "cutting it" upon occasions.

By a stroke of the enchanter's wand he is found in 1868 having cast off the old Adam, and returning *sero sed serio* to his two-year-old form. Twenty-one starts and twelve times returned a winner is no mean certificate of his prowess as a five-year-old, and, from the beginning of the season at Northampton to its close at Warwick, the slashing bay was hard at it, trying on his old Spencer Plate game unsuccessfully, but waking them up over Newmarket D. M., and across the flat, cutting Parma down over the Ancaster Mile, picking up the small fish at Doncaster Spring, and twice showing his opponents the way over the Bath mile, the scene of his earliest exploits. The Trial Stakes and "All Aged" at Ascot both saw him placed among a cloud of flyers; he was "there or thereabouts" at Goodwood in the Duke's Plate and the Craven, walked over for the Champagne at Brighton, and was master of them all in the Zetland at York. Then we find him alternately defeated and victorious at Doncaster, Blue Gown upsetting him in the Fitzwilliam, but The Palmer knocking under to him in the Clumber; while he runs away from Hippias and Van Amburgh at Newmarket First October, with 10st 10lb on his back. See Saw was too much for him in the October Handicap; but he has a merry time of it at Shrewsbury, only yielding to Leonie in the Shobdon Cup, and cutting a lot of speedy cattle into ribbons over the Forester Plate mile. It is too much to ask the old horse to give President Lincoln and Sugarstick 52lb and 62lb respectively, even in a welter handicap; but the veteran retires in a blaze of glory from his third season's labours, carrying 9st to victory in the Bradgate Cup, and playing with such speedy opponents as Silenus, Orion, and Nine Elms. Over half a hundred times has Vespasian been saddled for the fray, but more work and greater glory await him yet.

The Trial Stakes at Epsom Spring has never before nor since seen its finish confined to three such notables as the "placed" of 1869—Blue Gown, Formosa, and Vespasian. Out of this race arose the "First Spring" match of that year, of Vespasian (8st 10lb) v. Blue Gown (9st). Fordham was up on the old one this time, and four lengths in his favour was the verdict of Judge Clark. Vespasian was in form that week, for Athena, at 6lb, could not prevent him winning by fifteen lengths; and again he was putting his best leg foremost at York, nearly distancing his Craven Stakes field, and only succumbing to the lightly-weighted Lady Henriette in the Flying Dutchman's Handicap, that smart daughter of West Australian receiving 36lb for the two years. The extra furlong in the Walton Manor Stakes at Epsom did not suit Vespasian so well, and for once he failed to show prominently in the race; while at Goodwood his old enemy, Blue Gown, just did him by a head, after a most artistic set-to between Fordham and Wells. Custance got him through another Duke's Plate, leaving his horses when he pleased, and winning by ten lengths; and later on in the same day he accomplished the wonderful feat of carrying off the Chesterfield Cup under the crusher of ten stones four pounds, having no apparent difficulty in stalling off President Lincoln, The Palmer, See-Saw, and other notables. The County Cup of Lewes found him unequal to the herculean task of settling those flying two-year-olds Cymbal and Queen of Hearts at 48lb, and at Doncaster he could not quite live with Xi at two stone over the mile, nor hold his own with Fichu over the T.Y.C. Still it was fated that he should leave off a winner in that memorable year, and he cantered away with the Trial Stakes at Newmarket, looking none the worse for his season's labours, and having established his right to be called the best horse of his day from the T.Y.C. to a mile.

It might now be reasonably supposed that Vespasian had at length run far enough beyond his allotted span to become entitled to honourable retirement; but his party thought otherwise, and it was determined to prepare him for the season of 1870. What with interruptions and disappointments, he was unable to put in an appearance until Goodwood, the scene of many triumphs in former years; and though his heart beat boldly as of yore, there was a lack of that fire and determination which brought him victoriously through so many trials of strength. Though Blue Gown no longer crossed his path in the Craven Stakes, another foe from the same stable stood up to confront him in Rosicrucian, to whom he was compelled to yield, but only by half a length. The Chesterfield Cup was his last essay, but though he ran respectably, he was compelled to yield the palm to younger aspirants, and Custance bade a long farewell to his old friend and favourite. The veteran had taken part, during the six seasons of his service, in no less than sixty-seven races, and achieved the highest honours of his "profession," during the ripper years of his racing life. In 1874, at the sale of Mr. T. E. Walker's stud at Middle Park, Mr. Blenkiron made up his mind that the horse should remain at the place where he had taken up his temporary abode, and the hammer fell to his nod at 3000 gs. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Vespasian began his life at the stud under very moderate patronage, and, moreover, at a period of life when his powers may be said to have been fully matured. Among the Eltham mares he will have an opportunity which few of his contemporaries can command, and with ordinary luck should not be long in making his mark as a sire.

As we have stated in our introductory remarks, Vespasian takes more after Stockwell than Newminster in his general outline and character. He may be described as a shortish horse upon a rather high leg; while his action is corky and elastic, and "speed" is written upon every part of the machinery which governs his movements. He stands nearly 16 hands high, and is of a rich bay colour, with the blackest of points. He carries his head, which is somewhat plain in outline, rather high, and his neck is a model of massive strength. His shoulders are well laid and lengthy, girth moderate, back short, and quarters full of propelling power, but rather drooping towards the tail. He has plenty of bone and substance, with fair arms and thighs; but his forelegs are remarkable for length of pastern, and he turns his toes out in rather an awkward manner while walking, though this defect is mostly, and in the case of Vespasian especially, indicative of high speed, and was a characteristic both of Wild Dayrell and Teddington. He is a trifle long and straight from the point of the hock downwards, and stands with his hind legs slightly away from him; but all these minor defects disappear when he is thoroughly roused to action, and it was a treat to see him canter past with his neck arched, pulling his jockey out of the saddle. We should add that after the season of 1867 he ceased to don the rose of Mr. Chaplin, having been transferred to the ownership of Sir C. Legard, who at the close of his racing career handed him over to Mr. T. E. Walker, as lord of the harem for his newly-formed stud, the dispersion of which we have alluded to above. Vespasian has ten foals credited to him in 1873, six in 1874, and eight in 1875. Henceforth we may expect to see much more lengthy returns, and we anticipate that Mr. Blenkiron will soon have his list full.

CHARLES MAIDMENT, who has been riding Kaiser in his gallops lately, has, it is said, been engaged to ride him in the Lincoln Handicap. FREEMOUNT (COUNTY CORK, IRELAND) RACES are fixed to be held on Thursday, May 25.

STUD NEWS.

Croft Stud.—Arrived at Andred on Feb. 15: Mr. George Oliver's Promptress, with filly foal by Argyle; and his chestnut mare by Mandrake; Mr. Lancaster's brown mare by Westwick, dam by Voltigeur. Feb. 16: Mr. Goodlass's Empress of India and Begum, and Mr. Winteringham's Unfashionable Beauty. On Feb. 2, Mr. Richard Longstaff's brown mare Brigantine, by Buccaneer, dam Diana (bred in Austria).

On Feb. 1, Mr. Charles Trotter's Manie, a bay filly by Newland, by Lambton, and has been sent to Vulcan; on Feb. 13, Mr. John Trotter's Mal-a-propos, a chestnut colt by The Rake, and has been sent to Albert Victor; on Feb. 20, Mr. Newcomen's Amine, a bay filly by Vulcan, and has been sent to him again.

At Woodfield Stud Farm.—Feb. 21, Bonnie Marie, by Dundee out of Violetta, by Stockwell, a bay filly by Distin; Feb. 23, Mr. E. Weaver's Prosperity, a brown colt by Pero Gomez; Feb. 23, Queen of the Gipsies, by Scottish Chief, a bay or brown colt by Distin; Feb. 24, Cosette, by King Tom, a bay filly by Distin, to whom the above mares will be put. From the Waresley Stud: Sister to Victorious, and Ornament, by Weatherbit, in foal to Blinkhoolie; mare by Young Melbourne, in foal to Lozenge; and No Name, by Teddington, barren, and will be put to Distin.

At Agglethorpe Stud Farm: Arrived, Giltbrook, barren, to be put to Argyle. Piercy, 4 yrs old, has been sent to Carnival. Fair Agnes and Wild Aggie have arrived at Doncaster to be put to the Rake and Friponnier respectively.

At Mr. Mumford's, Faggots, Harlow, Essex, on Feb. 23, Charade (by Monarque out of Herma), a filly by Mars; on Feb. 25, Fury (by King John out of Terrific), a colt by Mars; all the above will be put to him again.

At Sheffield Lane Paddock, Sheffield, Feb. 22, Mr. J. Johnstone's Lady Flora, a chestnut filly by Adventurer, and will be put to Pretender. Feb. 26, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Princess of Wales, a chestnut colt by Marsyas, and will be put to Adventurer.

Arrived to Adventurer: Lord Ailesbury's Cantiniere (in foal to Adventurer), and his Cantine (barren); the Stud Company's Southern Cross (with a chestnut colt by Hermit).

At Alfriston, Berwick, Sussex, on Feb. 23, Mr. Porter's Lady Maud, a bay filly by Orest, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Orest: On Feb. 22, Mr. Harvey's Mdle. de Mailloc (in foal to Saunterer).

At Myton Stud Farm, on Feb. 24, Major Stapylton's My Mary (by Idle Boy), a filly by Knight of the Garter, and will be put to Syrian, to whom the Hon. George Lascelles's Alma (dam of Benedictine) has arrived.

At Water Tower Stud Farm, Rugby, Aster (by Asteroid out of Cavriana), a bay filly by Cardinal York, and will be put to John Davis, to whom Free Kirk (by Blair Athol out of Schism) (in foal to Atherston) has also arrived.

At Easton Lodge Paddocks, Dunmow, Feb. 18, the Earl of Rosslyn's How-d'ye-do (by Harkaway), a bay colt by Grouse, and will be put to Bertram. Arrived to Bertram: Feb. 16, Mr. Barclay's Madame la Baronne; to Grouse: Feb. 16, the Hon. E. Garrard's brown mare.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Feb. 20, My Lady (by Orlando) a bay colt by Musket, and will be put to him again; Feb. 22, War Queen (by King Tom), a bay colt by Pero Gomez, and will be put to Musket. Arrived to Pero Gomez: Mr. Lloyd's Evangeline (maiden), and the Hon. G. D. Pennant's Perfume (by Buccaneer); to Musket: Mr. I'Anson's Borealis (barren).

At Stanton, on Feb. 23, Mr. Eyke's Rhapsody, a chestnut colt by Cucumber; Salliet (by Trumpeter), Novara (by Weatherbit), Sulphur (by Storm), Jane Eyre (by Stockwell), Mr. J. Osborne's Ophelia (by The Cure), Mr. Walter Wood's Miss Metcalf (by Tim Whiffler), and Mr. Evan's mare (by The Marquis) are in foal to him, and will be put to him again.

At the Warren Stud, Epsom Downs, Feb. 22, Mr. Holdaway's Miss Adelaide, a filly by The Sharper, and will be put to Van Amburgh; to whom the following mares have also arrived:—Temptation (by Stockwell), Margery (by Wild Dayrell), Sister to Bugler (by Young Trumpeter), Mandane (by Fitz-Gladiator), Queen Esther (by Stockwell), Lady Jane (by Saunterer), and Cybele (by Marsyas).

At Heath House Stud Farm, Newmarket, on the 23rd inst., Lord Falmouth's Pet (Glendale's dam), a chestnut colt by Honiton, and will be put to Kingcraft; 25th, Mr. Wasborough's Caudle, a chestnut filly, and will be put to Julius. During the past week the following mares have arrived:—To Kingcraft: Lord Falmouth's Silverhair (dam of Fetterlock). To Queen's Messenger: Lord Falmouth's Pretence (in foal to Young Dutchman). To Julius: Mr. T. Stevens's Canteen.

At Finstall Park Farm, Bromsgrove, on Feb. 17, Mr. T. Wadlow's Jeanie Deans, by Dundee, a bay colt by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again; on the 18th, Mr. J. Bates's Miss Fanny, a brown colt by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again; on the 24th, the Stud Company's Menace, a bay or br. colt by Joskin, and will be put to Cardinal York; on the 25th, Mr. W. E. Everitt's Matchless, by Stockwell, a bay filly by Cardinal York, and will be put to Paul Jones; and on March 1, Mr. Everitt's Sylvanie, a bay colt by Cardinal York, and will be put to Paul Jones. The following mares have arrived to Paul Jones: Mr. C. Millward's brown mare by Voivode, dam Snowdrop by Heron, in foal to Paul Jones; and Mr. M. Brown's May Fly. To Cardinal York: Mr. Terry's Whiteface (the dam of Woodlanas), with colt foal by Blinkhoolie.

At the Glasgow Paddocks, Doncaster, Mr. Greaves's mare Mirth foaled on Feb. 21, a bay colt by The Rake, and will be put to him again; Feb. 25, Lord Durham's Artemis, a bay or brown colt by The Palmer, and will be put to Friponnier, to whom has also arrived Mr. Osborne's Wild Aggie. Arrived to The Rake: Mr. Ashton's Miss Harriette, Mr. Somerset's Victorine, Mr. Bragg's Stone Chat, Mr. Blanton's Lady Sophie, and Mr. Pryor's Novice.

The Stud Company (Limited), Cobham.—Feb. 24, the Stud Company's Papoose, a colt by Macaroni, and will be put to Carnival; Feb. 25, Mr. E. McMorland's Brown Sugar, a filly by Toxophilite, and will be put to Carnival; Feb. 26, the Stud Company's Lady Bountiful, a filly by Macaroni, and will be put to Carnival; Feb. 28, the Stud Company's Lovelace, a filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to Blair Athol; Feb. 28, Mr. Rd. Combe's Fanchette, a colt by Alvarez, and will be put to George Frederick; Feb. 29, the Stud Company's Chiffonniere, a colt by Prince Charlie, and will be put to Carnival; Feb. 29, Lord Falmouth's Wheatear, a filly by Kingcraft, and will be put to Blair Athol. Arrived to Blair Athol: Feb. 28, the Earl of Rosebery's Louise. Arrived to Caterer: Feb. 29, Mr. W. H. Deacon's Olympias, with colt by Favonius. Arrived to Wild Oats: Feb. 29, the Earl of Lovelace's Beeswing. Arrived to See Saw: Feb. 23, Lord Wilton's Minette.

Wareham's Farm, Sutton Place, Guildford.—Feb. 28, the Stud Company's Dentelle, a bay filly by Speculum; same time, Mr. Alexander's Potomac, a bay filly by Thunderbolt. March 1, Mr. Alexander's Dundees Katie, a bay filly by Thunderbolt. At Woodlands Stud, one mile from Kintley Station, county Durham, Rev. A. Duncombe Shafto's Minna (by Buccaneer), a bay filly by Stentor. The mare was booked to Macgregor;

but, in consequence of the foal being such a good one, the owner gave orders for her to be put again to Stentor. Arrived to Macgregor: Mr. J. Cookson's Sideview (dam of Bull's-eye) (by Diophantus), in foal to Palmer. Arrived to Idus: Mr. Annett's Countess (by Voltigeur out of First Fly). Arrived to Stentor: Mr. Nicholls's Debate (by Prime Minister out of Summerside), maiden; Mr. Colpitt's Annabel (by Mandrake out of Lady Flora), maiden.

Athletic Sports.

COACHING the University eight at Oxford has been a matter of some considerable difficulty lately, owing to the floods and the almost unexceptionably rough weather. In order to have the advantage of being able to utilise the towing-path while superintending the work of the crew, Mr. Sherwood, on Thursday week, had the eight out on the upper river rowing alongside Port Meadow as far as Godstow and back. Banks, of University, is still rowing at No. 7, and shows marked improvement in his style since he has finally taken his seat in the boat. But by far the principal item of intelligence from the Isis is that Courtney, of Pembroke (who rowed bow in last year's eight), has gone into residence, and has consented to take his old seat in the boat. He is, perhaps, the best bow Oxford has had for some years, and the president ought to esteem himself lucky in getting so serviceable an oarsman to fill up what was really the weakest point of the entire crew at so late an hour and at so opportune a time. There are, consequently, now no less than seven of last year's victorious eight in the Oxford boat. Since Courtney has joined the rowing all throughout seems to have manifested a great alteration for the better, but one or two in the middle of the boat are still rather wanting in style, although there is no doubt about their being hard and honest workers. On Tuesday it was intended to row over the long course below locks in the light boat, but, the crew, meeting with a slight accident to one of their rowlocks, the day's practice was confined to rowing to Ifley and back in the gig eight.

Shafte, the stroke of the Cambridge boat, being occupied in the Senate House, the crew had a considerable amount of tubbing exercise on Wednesday week before taking a short spin as far as Ditton, and on Friday his place was for the same reason temporarily occupied by Penrose, of Trinity. Latest accounts from the Cam are not of so desponding a character as formerly, and there is but little or no doubt that the crew may be taken now as finally settled. Since the constitution of the boat has been determined upon there has been scarcely any opportunity of judging whether the men are better together; but it is certain the boat travels at a fair pace. The chief fault, which does not fail to strike most observers, is not finishing the end of the stroke. Both crews went into strict training on Ash Wednesday. As I am not certain of the exact weight of each and every individual man in the two eights, I will defer giving the usual table until they have all been to scale. Let it suffice for the present to say that Oxford has five men over 12st, one of whom pulls down 13st 6lb, and two of the others are close upon 13st. Cambridge has no man over 13st, but has three over 12st.

The proposed double sculling-match between Joe Sadler and William Lumsden against Robert Bagnall and Robert W. Boyd has fallen through; but, at a meeting held on Tuesday night at the Adelaide Hotel, Newcastle-on-Tyne, articles were drawn up and signed for an open boat-race between Bagnall and Lumsden for £50 a side. The race is to take place on Tuesday, April 11, under such rules of the Thames National Regatta as are applicable, and the distance is to be half a mile only—viz., from the High-Level Bridge to the Redheugh Bridge. In response to the challenge emanating from Spencer, Thomas, Green, and Higgins to row Taylor, Sadler, Lumsden, and Winship a four-oared race on the Thames or Tyne, the choice of rivers to be tossed for, the north-country four (if such they can be called) refuse to row except on the Tyne, and will allow their would-be opponents £30 for expenses.

There seems to have been a lull set in among billiard-players lately, as, with one exception, no match of any importance has taken place since my notes of last week. I refer to the match between Alfred Bennett and Tom Taylor, which was played at the Cambridge Hall, Newman-street, Oxford-street, on Tuesday evening, for a stake of £200, on a championship table. It may be remembered that the men met at the Guildhall Tavern in January, and, in consequence of a late commencement, the game was not completed at midnight. After a couple of meetings of the players and their backers, it was agreed to give Bennett £20 to consent for each to draw his money, he (Bennett) only requiring 24 to win, while Taylor wanted 47. On the present occasion the table used was the one by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts on which Cook and Roberts played for the championship last time. The play throughout was of a very tedious character, and the game, including the interval, lasted just five hours. Taylor took the lead from almost the very start and went away rapidly from Bennett, and won eventually by 315 points. In justice to the loser it should be said that the balls broke badly for him all through the game, while Taylor seldom showed to greater advantage. The largest break, one of 57, was made by the winner. On Wednesday evening the eighth annual benefit of the United Billiard-Markers' Benefit Society was held at O. Smith's saloon, 303, Strand, when the room was fairly crowded to excess. Kilkenny and Taylor were the first pair to oppose each other, the latter conceding 40 points in a game of 400 up, like all the other contests throughout the evening's entertainment. After playing a very level game Kilkenny, at the finish, ran out with an unfinished break of 102 all round the table, and won by 116 points, his last effort, which fully sustained his high reputation as one of the soundest players extant, completely bringing down the house. Alfred and Fred Bennett next met on level terms, and, after rather a slow performance by both brothers, the latter was hailed the winner by 35 points, no great breaks being made by either man. When Roberts and Cook commenced to play there was barely standing room in the saloon, and during the time they jointly occupied the table the enthusiasm of the spectators was worked up to fever heat. From 13 (Roberts 3) Cook put on a magnificent break of 245 (42 spots), which he quickly followed up by another of 44 (13 spots), and a third of 96 (15 spots), and on taking up his cue for the sixth time he ran out a winner by no less than 315 points, the entire game having occupied only thirty-seven minutes. It is almost needless for me to say that the ex-champion was applauded to the echo by the company present. The wind-up of the evening was between Richards and Evans, the former winning by 77 points. The winner scored breaks of 62, 40, 39, and 30, while Evans put together 128, 32, and 18 as his best contributions. I cannot help congratulating the committee of the society on their success; and I believe that the whole of the players who promised to attend kept their word, with one solitary exception. The selection of an evening for the exhibition on which all the theatres were closed was very judicious, and will doubtless tell favourably when the treasurer comes to make up his balance-sheet.

A highly successful assault of arms took place in the new

drill hall, Ealing Dean, on Tuesday evening last, under the management of Mr. William Waddell, the courteous secretary, and the committee of the London Athletic Club, in aid of the funds of the Ealing Cricket Club. The Hall was well filled, many of the élite of the neighbourhood, as the local reporters would say, gracing the entertainment with their presence. Space will not allow me to go into details, but the competitions were of the usual character—viz. sword exercise, sabre v. bayonet, singlestick, boxing, quarter-staff, wrestling, *et hoc genus omne*. Mr. Waddell twice appeared on the stage, once with singlesticks, opposed to Trooper Otterway, and again with sabres, when he had as an antagonist Professor Waite, his tutor. Since his last appearance in public, at St. James's Hall, on the occasion of the L.A.C. assault of arms, the hon. sec. of that club has made vast improvement both in his knowledge of attack and defence; and, considering the skill he was opposed to, he fairly made a "palpable hit." Mr. B. J. Angle and Professor Daultry had a rattling set-to with the gloves, "Jack being almost as good as his master"—nobody knows which was the master. Professor Waite brought the evening's amusement to a close with his sword feats, in which he stands unrivalled; and on this occasion he cut a fairly large sheep clean in half better than ever I have seen him do before.

On Saturday and Monday last the dark blues were busy with their athletics, Hertford College taking place on the former day, and the conclusion of St. John's on the latter. The great feature of Saturday was, of course, the strangers' 120-Yards' Handicap, which, out of an original entry of twenty-eight, secured twenty-one acceptances, of whom sixteen came to the post. The heats produced some very exciting racing, and, could I believe the times, some of the best running ever seen in an amateur competition; but it is evident that some flagrant mistakes were made in this respect, as the times are so absurd that I begin to wonder that even an amateur "clocker" would accept them as anything like approaching correctness. *Exempli gratia*. In the first heat A. L. Scott, of Brasenose, with one yard start, is returned as winning somewhat easily in 11.4.5th sec, or, technically speaking (allowing for his start), as doing a yard inside "evens." Again, in the final heat, C. J. Todd, of Magdalen, caps this by getting home from the four-yards' mark in 11.2.5th sec, which of course makes him doing no less than two yards better than "level time," a feat which ought to insure his victory in a Sheffield handicap, whereas I should like to back an ordinary limit man in one of those great professional contests to give him six yards and a good beating in a similar distance—i.e., "six score." F. Bullock-Webster and S. C. Snow distinguished themselves in the closed events, the former winning Putting the Weight, the Mile (in spite of a penalty of fifty yards, and the Two-Mile Steeplechase (in which he was conceding start to all his opponents), and the latter securing the 100-Yards and Quarter-Mile races. At St. John's sports the only feature worthy of note was the good jumping of M. Shearman, a promising freshman, who cleared 20ft 5in, a performance he will with practice doubtless improve upon.

Weston, the celebrated long-distance walker, brought a third of his marvellous exhibitions of endurance to a successful close on Friday se'night at the Agricultural Hall, having walked, fair heel and toe, 275 miles in 75 hours less 3m 39s. The task he laid himself out to perform was well begun on Tuesday week, when, starting at 8.5 p.m., he walked without stopping for 18h 37m 18s, having then covered 90 miles and 473 yards. When twenty-four hours had elapsed, 104 miles and about 380 yards had been traversed, but he still kept on with almost clockwork regularity until a few minutes after midnight, when he rested until 4.30 the following morning, 255 miles still remaining unaccomplished. At this time he seemed rather jaded, and fears were entertained as to whether he would be able to accomplish his self-imposed task or no. He, however, soon shook off any apparent signs of distress, and though he halted occasionally, by 11h 51m 34s on Thursday night he was 192 miles on his way. Journeying through the "wee sma' hours ayant the twelve," he pulled up only once more before breakfast-time on Friday morning, and then only for 15m. He had now (time nine o'clock, roughly speaking) about 59 miles to go, and his chance of completing the distance in the time specified did not appear very rosy, as for the last 25 miles his average had been very little better than 4 miles per hour. He, however, seemed much refreshed by his morning meal, and, slightly quickening his pace, kept on steadily to the finish without further stoppage, and finished the distance as above stated, amid a scene of excitement seldom witnessed. As regards Rowell's performance it is not necessary for me to say much. He deserves great credit for his pluck and endurance, as it is a great feat for a man comparatively speaking untrained to cover 176 miles in 37h 30m (the total time in which he was on the track). Weston starts at 12.5 a.m. on Monday morning next at the Agricultural Hall, when he will attempt the task of walking 500 miles in six consecutive days. He will give a silver cup value £100 to anyone who will successfully compete with him, or two cups of £50 value each to any two who will walk a greater number of miles than he does, one to take up the contest at any time when abandoned by the other.

Among many matches at football which have taken place since last week's notes, the most important is that between the Wanderers and the Swifts for the last of the fourth ties for the Association Cup. It was played at the Oval on Saturday last, and resulted in favour of the Wanderers by two goals to one. The final, between the Old Etonians and Wanderers, will take place also at the Oval on March 11.

EXON.

Mr. SYDENHAM DIXON has, we deeply regret to say, sustained a sad bereavement. His wife expired on Sunday last at Finborough-road, West Brompton.

Buring Past.

WORCESTER SPRING STEEPLECHASES.

THURSDAY, FEB. 24.

The OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 30 sovs. About two miles.

Mr. Wallace's Bedford, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb Mr. Newman 1
Mr. G. T. Dodson's Adieu, aged, 13st Mr. E. P. Wilson 2
Mr. T. H. Ashton's Burglar, aged, 12st Mr. H. Owen 3
Also ran: Bezieque, aged, 12st; Northern Light, aged, 13st; Northfleet, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb. 5 to 4 agst Adieu, 3 to 1 agst Northfleet, 7 to 2 agst Bedford, 5 to 1 agst Burglar, 10 to 1 others. Won by a length and a half; two lengths divided second and third; Bezieque fourth; Northfleet fell.

SELLING HURDLE-RACE of 5 sovs each. One mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. J. B. Oerton's Eveleen, by Pathfinder—Alice Fauconberg, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb (225) Fox 1
Mr. T. Rickards's Nettle, 6 yrs, 11st 13lb (225) F. Gregory 0
4 to 1 on Eveleen, who came in alone. Nettle fell.

The SPRING OPEN HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 5 sovs each, with 50 sovs added. About three miles.

Mr. S. Davis's ch m Despair, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb Mr. Boyce 1
Mr. J. Hill's Stella, 5 yrs, 10st 6lb Mr. J. Laxton 2
Also ran: Lady York, aged, 10st 7lb; Greenhill, 6 yrs, 10st 3lb; May Queen, aged, 10st 4lb. 2 to 1 each agst Greenhill and Despair, 4 to 1 agst Lady York, 6 to 1 each agst Stella and May Queen. Won by six lengths. Only two passed the post.

The OPEN HUNTERS' SELLING-RACE of 30 sovs. About two miles on the flat.

Mr. Howard's Royston, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb (225) Mr. H. Owen 1
Mr. T. Price's Dennis, aged, 12st 12lb (250) Owner 2
Mr. J. B. Tyler's Ianthe, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb (250) Mr. Tyler 3
Also ran: Liddington II., 6 yrs, 12st 7lb; Orange Boy, aged, 12st 2lb. 7 to 4 on Dennis, 7 to 2 agst Ianthe, 5 to 1 agst Royston, 10 to 1 agst others. Won by a neck; a bad third.

SPRING HANDICAP HURDLE-RACE PLATE of 3 sovs each, with 30 sovs added. About two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. C. G. Halford's Chief Ranger, 6 yrs, 10st 13lb Daniels 1
Mr. J. B. Oerton's Keepsake, 4 yrs, 11st 6lb G. Waddington 2
Mr. Gomm's Neptune, 5 yrs, 12st Mr. E. P. Wilson 3
5 to 4 agst Neptune, 7 to 4 agst Keepsake, 5 to 2 agst Chief Ranger. Won by three lengths; a bad third.

The WORCESTERSHIRE HUNT CUP did not fill.

FRIDAY, FEB. 25.

The OPEN HUNTERS' HURDLE-RACE of 30 sovs. About two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. G. T. Dodson's b m Adieu, aged, 12st 5lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 1
Mr. T. Hughes's Rochester, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb Mr. J. Goodwin 2
Also ran: Camelia, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb; Bedford, 6 yrs, 12st; Sea Robber, 6 yrs, 12st. 6 to 4 agst Adieu, 3 to 4 agst Rochester, 5 to 1 agst any other. Won by half a dozen lengths. Nothing else passed the post.

The SEVERN BANK HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 3 sovs each, with 30 added. About two miles and a half.

Mr. Hugh Owen's ch g Banker, 6 yrs, 10st 13lb J. Adams 1
Mr. Gomm's Neptune, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb W. Daniels 2
Sir M. Crofton's Lady York, aged, 10st 11lb Mr. J. Goodwin 0
5 to 4 agst Neptune, 6 to 4 agst Banker, 3 to 1 agst Lady York. Won by half a length. Lady York refused.

The OPEN HUNTERS' PLATE of 30 sovs; for hunters. About two miles on the flat.

Mr. Spraggett's br c Northfleet, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb Mr. Hathaway 1
Mr. James Hill's Outrigger, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb Mr. J. Laxton 2
Mr. Cecil Howard's Royston, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb Mr. H. Owen 3
Also ran: Boland, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb; Spelling Bee, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb; Lutwyche, 5 yrs, 12st 8lb; Crescent, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb. 7 to 4 on Outrigger, 4 to 1 agst Lutwyche, 6 to 1 agst Northfleet, 12 to 1 agst any other. Won by eight lengths.

The YEOMANRY CUP, value 20 sovs. Two miles on the flat.

Mr. H. Caldwell's President, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb Mr. J. Walton 1
Mr. W. Moore's Marston, aged, 14st Mr. Smith 2
Mr. J. Sherlock's Golden Pill, aged, 14st Mr. Allington 3
Also ran: Merry Bells, 5 yrs, 13st 7lb; Lancer, 5 yrs, 14st 7lb; Elm Bee, 6 yrs, 14st 7lb. 2 to 1 agst Lancer, 5 to 2 agst Merry Bells, 4 to 1 agst President. Won by four lengths.

SELLING STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 25 added. About two miles.

Mr. J. B. Oerton's ch m Eveleen, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (225) Fox 1
Mr. Digby's Sunny, aged, 11st 10lb (225) Murphy 2
Mr. Rickards's Nettle, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb (225) W. Daniels 3
5 to 4 on Eveleen, 6 to 4 agst Sunny, 10 to 1 agst Nettle. Won by eight lengths.

The HUNTERS' SELLING STEEPLECHASE of 3 sovs each, with 30 sovs added. About two miles.

Mr. Mytton's Sister to Comberton, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb Owner 1
Mr. Brooks's Longstop, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb (225) H. Hadley 2
Also ran: Orange Boy, aged, 11st 11lb; Ianthe, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb. 6 to 4 agst Orange Boy, 2 to 1 agst Ianthe, 4 to 1 each agst Longstop and Sister to Comberton. Won by a couple of lengths. Ianthe and Orange Boy fell.

The HURDLE RACE HANDICAP PLATE of 30 sovs. About one mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. Blount's ch m Snowdrop, 6 yrs, 10st 6lb Ashwood 1
Chief Ranger, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb (inc 10lb ex.) W. Daniels 0
Keepsake, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb Fox 0
11 to 10 on Chief Ranger, 6 to 4 agst Snowdrop, 4 to 1 agst Keepsake. Snowdrop finished alone, the others coming to grief.

AUTEUIL STEEPLECHASES.

SUNDAY, FEB. 27.

PRIX DU PONT DU JOUR (Steeplechase). Distance, 3000 mètres.—Mr. Maurice's Vichou (Summers), 1; Baron Finot's Triboulet (Edwards), 2; Comte de St. Sauveur's Mlle. de la Tillère (Mortimer), 3. Unplaced: Thénicé. Won by a neck; a bad third.

PRIX DES FORTIFICATIONS (Hurdle-Race). Distance, 2500 mètres.—Baron Finot's Nestor II. (Page), 1; M. Barresse's Houdan (Lansdell), 2; Comte de St. Sauveur's Hio (Thorpe), 3. Unplaced: Haresfoot and Marinette. Won by a length and a half.

PRIX DE LA GARENNE (Steeplechase). Distance, 4200 mètres.—Comte de St. Sauveur's Mascara (Thorpe), 1; Baron Finot's Coureure de Nuit (Page), 2; Mr. Hurf's Cigarette II. (Andrews), 3. Unplaced: Conquerant II. Won by a neck.

PRIX DU LAC (Handicap Hurdle-Race). Distance, 3200 mètres.—Baron Finot's Capitole, 66 kilos (Edwards), 1; M. Boldwick's Bonita, 67 kilos (Gardecer), 2; M. Boldwick's Aladin, 70 kilos (Curtis), 3. Unplaced: Jæcinthe, La Hauteville, at l'aut de Mieux. Won by four lengths; a neck between second and third.

KILDARE HARRIERS HUNT MEETING.

This meeting took place, last Tuesday, over Halverstown course. Tantivy Cup: Mr. Moore's Shock, by Atherton out of Emotion (Mr. St. James), first; Assurance, second; Straffan Volunteer, third; six ran; won, after a good race, by three-parts of a length. Kildare Harriers Hunt Cup: Mr. Moore's Miss Theo, by Leamington out of Hebe (Mr. T. Beasley), first; Gamecock, second; Wenny, third; five ran; won by four lengths, same between second and third. Kildare Harriers Hunt Plate: Captain Briggs's Mountain Lad, by Old Calabar out of Mountain Maid (Mr. Beasley), first; Peter Simple, second; Lady Spencer, third; nine ran; won by four lengths, a length between second and third. Sportsman's Plate: Mr. Holland's Miss Curran, by Master Richard out of Tryback (W. Bell), first; Brambridge, second; Litigation, third; four ran; won easily by four lengths, a bad third.

NEWCASTLE SUMMER RACES.—CLOSING OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE AND OTHER GOOD STAKES.—On Tuesday next the Great Northumberland Plate of 25 sovs each, 10 forfeit, and 5 if declared, with 500 sovs net added; the Newcastle Handicap of 10 sovs each, 5 forfeit, and 3 if declared, with 200 sovs net added; and the Stewards' Cup (Handicap) of 10 sovs each, 5 forfeit, with 100 sovs net added, all for three-year-olds and upwards; and the Manchester Plate of 200 sovs, for two-year-olds only, close and name. The Northumberland Plate is one of the best betting races of the season, and should command the support of all owners and trainers who have a horse that can gallop two miles. For particulars we refer our readers to an advertisement in another column of this Paper.

PETARCH has been sold for a large sum to Lord Dupplin. FRANK has been struck out of the International Hurdle Race at Croydon. BROMLEY SECOND SPRING MEETING.—A hurdle sweepstakes, a hunters' steeplechase plate, and a hunters' hurdle-race will close on Tuesday next to Mr. Marcus Verrall, at Lewes or Croydon.

THE NEW STAND at Newmarket rapidly approaches completion. Mr. Pace, as heretofore, will have the office of caterer for the private portion of the stand, while that for the public will be under the superintendence of Mr. Browning, who is well known as the refreshment contractor at Ascot.

SALE AT TATTERSALL'S.—Three or four thoroughbreds changed hands at Albert-gate on Monday. Last of the Novelists, who was the chief lot, was sold for 300g, while Vanish went for 30g.

THE ACCIDENT AT WORCESTER.—J. Fox, the popular steeplechase jockey, who was riding Keepsake in the Handicap Hurdle Race at Worcester on Friday week—when she slipped up in rounding the top turn—was taken to Worcester Infirmary, where it was found that he had sustained a severe fracture of the collar-bone. He was, however, able to return home to Birmingham under the care of Dr. Yates, who reset the fracture. The patient is still very weak, and there is but little chance of his reappearing in the pigns for a month.

"PAYO" writes in the *Morning Post*:—"The death is announced of Mr. L. J. Dooat, whose colours were frequently successful last season on Tranquillity, Gladiola, and other winners. Ireland has also recently lost a good sportsman in Mr. T. M. Naghten, owner of the celebrated Thomas-town (who was named after his seat in the county of Roscommon), The Youth, and many other good performers across country and on the flat. A jovial, fine-hearted fellow was Tom Naghten, whose loss will be lamented by a large circle of friends."

KAIN, A EUROPEAN JOCKEY, was killed by a fall from his horse at Barmackpore Steeplechase, on Tuesday, Feb. 1.

EAST SUSSEX HUNT STEEPLECHASES.—By permission of Mr. T. Brassey, M.P., this meeting has been arranged to be held at Catsfield on Wednesday, April 19.

HALIFAX AND CALDER VALE HUNT AND MILITARY STEEPLECHASES will take place at Mount Tabor, Halifax, on Easter Monday and Tuesday, April 17 and 18.

CROYDON INTERNATIONAL HURDLE-RACE HANDICAP.—The latest scratchings for this race are:—Frank (6 yrs, 10st 12lb), Defence (aged, 12st 2lb), and Peeping Tom (5 yrs, 11st 12lb).

RAID ON LIST-KEEPERS AT THE AUTEUIL STEEPLECHASES.—Some commotion was created at the Auteuil Steeplechases, on Sunday last, through the interference of the police. An order had been sent down by the authorities to stop all ready-money betting of any kind whatever. The list-keepers had put up their lists and umbrellas, when the police went round and communicated the order they had received. The order was complied with, and the space usually occupied by these eager sporting speculators was speedily cleared. The "ring" was crowded. Several men were arrested for infringing this new regulation, and notice of prosecution was served upon them.



FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD, No. XLVI.—“VESPASIAN.”

Our Captious Critic.

OF all the novels ever written none, perhaps, are more difficult to dramatise than those of Charles Dickens. This is by reason not only of the voluminous and, for the most part, straggling nature of their plots, but the characters themselves, more especially the comic ones, lose much of their interest when placed upon the stage. The dialogue of these eccentric personages, so diverting to read, seems sometimes when delivered by actors strangely robbed of what appeared excessively droll in the book. The grotesque costumes also



"She's a doosed sight funnier in this than she was at the Surrey"

of a bygone period, studiously imitated from the etchings of Phiz, &c., do not usually upon the stage possess that vividly comic effect with which they struck us in the prints. This is possibly owing to the fact that altogether the style and types of caricature which the novels of Dickens contain are not so much relished in our day as they were ten or fifteen years ago. The public of the present demand something more realistic, more true to nature, something less exaggerated and farcical. To the fact that he founded his comedy characters upon the truer and more natural creations of Thackeray, T. W. Robertson owed much of his success. He thus attained a breadth and freshness which cannot be derived from the over-elaborated fictions of the author of *Pickwick*.

Indeed you cannot build a new character on or derive one from Dickens. You must transplant his people bodily, and with all their properties and effects, on to the stage. Because they are absolutely dependent for recognition upon their clothes, physiognomies, and accidental external peculiarities. Therefore the figures have now become antiquated without being representative. And your Quilps, Pecksniffs, Micawbers, are no more to us than the grotesque puppets of an artificial school of farce that was indigenous to a particular epoch.

Not so with Thackeray's characters. They are all, except in the case of his *Queen Anne* novels, so entirely independent of dress or external circumstances for their identity, that were you to take Becky Sharp or Major Pendennis, and entirely modernise their externals and surroundings, they would be still completely recognisable, and not to be mistaken for any other personages whatsoever.

With regard to the work of Dickens upon the stage, I have also observed that the characters which he has least elaborated are the most capable of dramatic development. This is natural. All an actor requires is a strongly and broadly sketched suggestion, a firm outline which he can fill in and expand as far as his abilities will enable him.

The character of "Jo," the London crossing-sweeper in "*Bleak House*," is one of this class. A minor character in the novel, yet it is strongly marked, and appeals much more directly to nature than is usual with Dickens's creations. The dramatic embodiment which is given to Jo by Miss Jennie Lee, who is now playing in a version of "*Bleak House*" at the Globe Theatre, is so artistic and powerful that the hitherto minor part of the wretched crossing-sweeper becomes once for

Intended putting a sketch of Miss Jennie Lee here - but somehow to clash with Mr. Barnard's little tiff in last week's number.

all the most interesting character contained in the book. In comparison with this, all the other better-known and more elaborate figures, such as Chadband, Guppy, Bucket, &c., become secondary in importance, though, I am bound to say, they are all very well played.

To make Jo the important part in the drama was, of course, the intention of Mr. J. P. Burnett when he adapted it. And although in some respects it is still considerably open to improvement, his adaptation is a very clever one, quite equal to any of the dramatic versions of Dickens which have been lately produced in London. The nearest of these was Mr. Halliday's *Heart's Delight*, produced at this same Globe Theatre a couple of years ago. The adapter in that instance wisely putting out of sight a large portion of the novel of "*Dombey and Son*," centred his attention upon a single but interesting group, only slightly connected with the main plot of the story and



Miss Kate Lee as "Guster"

easily detached from it. The result was that he derived a coherent and interesting drama out of a rather rambling and disconnected novel.

Mr. Burnett has followed the same plan in dealing with "*Bleak House*." He has discarded altogether, except in remote allusion, the interminable Chancery suit on which the story is chiefly founded. He has shown much skill in his arrangement of the incidents with which Jo is connected, although he might still more have confined his drama to the pitiful career of his wretched little hero. Sir Leicester Dedlock and his wife—especially his wife—have too much to say for themselves. At best they are commonplace characters; and though Lady Dedlock has an important scene with Jo, yet that scene is independent of "*Bleak House*" itself, where the crossing-sweeper does not appear.

As to the acting. Miss Jennie Lee took most people by surprise with her performance of Jo. From the first this little lady showed great promise, but hitherto it has been displayed in a line altogether apart from pathos. But, as true humour and true pathos proceed directly from the same source, the fact that Miss Jennie Lee has succeeded in being so genuinely pathetic is a proof that her humour also is of the true quality. With especial regard to the nature of the pathos involved in the story of poor Jo, the crossing-sweeper, I would make one remark. It is quite different in character from that which usually challenges our sympathies from the stage. It has nothing to do with feminine sorrow or devotion. As a rule, the drama invites us to shed tears on the occasion of a precocious infant expiring in its little cot, hearing the wild angels whisper and the like, whilst its forlorn mother, in a very elegant morning wrapper, makes long and maudlin speeches when she ought to be giving the child its medicine; or, again, it is an innocent maiden wrongly suspected by her parents, and thrust out of doors while the wintry winds do

blow (a very effective scene); or it is an incident which occurs in the very drama I am discussing, when an erring but prosperous mother reveals the long-concealed secret of her birth to her illegitimate daughter, a scene which, as played at the Globe, is (so far from being pathetic) ridiculous and artificial. I could find numerous similar examples on the stage, from which one must perforce assume that there can be no real pathos unless when there is a woman in the case. In *Jo* it is altogether different. Here what excites our emotions is the obscure friendship between a homeless, ragged, wretched street-urchin and an outcast, broken man. It is a friendship founded on mutual hunger, mutual misery, mutual despair. We are not asked to condole with that interesting mental anguish which racks the hearts of the well-fed and luxurious heroes and heroines of the fashionable novel. Their miseries we must



Attendant (like everybody else) in tears "any refreshments, Jees or Pocket handkerchiefs?"

take at hearsay, but the sufferings of the little crossing-sweeper are palpable. He is cold, he is hungry, he is hunted, he is "chivied," he is utterly desolate and oppressed. And when the memory of his wretched but only friend lying in the pauper's graveyard ever and anon forces from him the bitter cry, "He was very good to me, he was!" a chord of pathos is struck that is infinitely deeper and more valuable than all the eloquent moanings of the remorseful mothers and broken-hearted young women who are usually the pathetic puppets of modern drama.

Her performance of this character proves Miss Jennie Lee to be possessed of very remarkable talent. I can find for her at present but one comparison—in her way she is quite a little (Jo) Jefferson.

The piece has been well put upon the stage, the scenery being very realistic. The other characters in the piece are, for the most part, very satisfactorily rendered—the most notable being Hortense, the lady's-maid, in which Miss Drummond (an actress new to London) discovers very decided power; Tulkington, a part which Mr. Flockton gives, in his peculiarly quiet way, its due force; and Bucket, the detective, carefully and artistically played by Mr. Burnett. The Chadband of Mr. Wilmot is quite the Chadband of Dickens, and the Snagsby of Mr. Rae is very funny. Mr. Price, as Sir Leicester Dedlock,



"The Rival Othellos" at the Strand

is duly pompous, as the character demands. Miss Kate Lee, as Guster, shows that she has a vein of humour. Altogether, Mr. Edgar Bruce ought to congratulate himself upon his Globe venture.

The following epitaph upon a moribund historical drama is said to have been written by a disappointed dramatist. I should not be at all surprised if such were the case:—

Air, "Tom Bowling."

Here a mere pulp lies poor *Anne Boleyn*,
Her nights were sad and fow;
No more she'll hear the critics howling,
For she is frozen blue.
In spite of gallant Neilson's beauty,
And Harcourt—royal "toff,"
The management has done its duty,
And *Anne* is taken off.

Reviews.

Sport in Abyssinia. By the Earl of Mayo. John Murray.

There are, it is to be feared, so many works of sport and travel compiled by modern Nimrods whose happy hunting-ground is bounded by the dome of the British Museum Reading-room that a practical volume like the one before us cannot fail to be of especial interest and value to sportsmen. The flowery language and emotional incidents which reflect so much credit on the imaginative powers of these home-keeping Munchausens are conspicuous by their absence from "Sport in Abyssinia; or, The Mareb and Tackazze;" but none the less—rather all the more—will Lord Mayo's diary be appreciated. Entertaining in itself, this welcome book will, doubtless, at once command a wide circle of readers from the fact that it is written by the eldest son of the noble Lord who won an enviable reputation as Viceroy of India, and whose melancholy and untimely death from the assassin's dagger was mourned throughout the kingdom. As we have intimated, however, not at all a *succès d'estime* should be that which will, in all probability reward the young Earl of Mayo. Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, Lord Mayo devoted a brief holiday, in the winter of 1874-5, to this sporting trip in Abyssinia. He wastes no words in recording his voyage from Brindisi to Cairo; but, first giving a bright and animated account of the hospitable reception of himself and his friends by the Khedive, and of their visit to the Pyramids and Suez, our raconteur speedily conducts us to Massowah, and in the most business-like way prefaces his hunting experiences with a few useful hints as to equipment and provisions:

"We took with us two tents—a three-poled tent made by Edgington, and called by him the Punjab Hill tent. I should advise everybody to take this description of tent for rough work in any country. Head-room is what is wanted for comfort; and this is the only strong, portable, and shapely tent that combines these advantages. . . . We had a little union jack to fly at the top of it, and iron tent-pegs. Of course, these tents can be made of any reasonable size. The other—a *tente d'abri*—was for Fisk, H.'s English servant, and was for him to sit in while he skinned the birds we shot, of which we intended to make a good collection, as they are very beautiful in these parts. . . . We slept on iron camp-beds, and I was provided with a blanket lined with silk, which is a device I should recommend to everybody else, only advising them to take care that the blanket is long and wide enough to fall over the side, as well as to hang over the foot, of the bed." Then follow an appetising list of the preserved meats and delicacies which the "Age of Tin" has furnished the traveller with; and an enumeration of the various cooking utensils and articles requisite for "roughing it" in comfort—if such a phrase be allowable. Lord Mayo's heavy guns had not arrived at Massowah when he started for the interior; but he was not badly provided with firearms, for all that, having a 16-bore central-fire gun, by Purdey, carrying ball; a muzzle-loading rifle by Purdey, carrying 2½ drachms of powder; and a 12-bore pin-fire shot gun, made by Crane, which last "turned out to be a most serviceable gun and a very hard hitter." The mouse-deer, or dik-dik, was the first game that fell to their guns. But their sport did not begin in earnest until they had the good fortune to fall in with the adventurous Englishman who, from the position of a steward in the P. and O. service, has risen to be the Commander-in-Chief of the King of Abyssinia's army. A graphic pen-and-ink portrait of General Kirkham is given—"a fair, rather good-looking, slim man . . . dressed in a frock-coat and forage-cap—a sort of undress General's uniform." With King Johann's right-hand man they were soon "the best of friends." He gave them one of the King's special permits; and lent them an Abyssinian servant, named Brou Brou, who spoke English very well, and proved a capital interpreter. On their road to the valley of Gindar, the home of General Kirkham, they had a lovely ride, which reminded Lord Mayo "very much of the Himalayas without the beautiful rhododendrons that grow there. The latter part of the ride was through an olive-grove. The air on the top of these hills is most exhilarating; I felt able to do anything, and my mind was busy imagining all kinds of sport and adventures in such a lovely country."

The fertile valley, which is the King's gift to his Generalissimo, should be a veritable paradise to sportsmen. "Game," writes our author, "is abundant, and elephants were in the neighbourhood, as the hunters from Adowa had been here. Koodoo, gazelle, dik-dik, and other antelopes abound; as well as many large pigs, and, as the Irishman is made to say, guinea-fowl and partridges here 'jostle each other.' This was, of all others, the place for us; so we determined to stay for two or three days." We would fain linger over the beauties and the plentiful game of this Abyssinian Eden, over the adventures with elephants, hippopotami, and the lion, brought before us so vividly and with such simplicity withal by Lord Mayo; but space fails us, and we regret we can but add a few general remarks in hearty commendation of the undeniable utility of this capital itinerary of sport. Whilst this work, then, will be an unerring source of interest to the casual reader for the naïveté of its style, for the lively description it gives of the present state of the country and people whose late King led us into a war with him eight years ago, for the sketches of the primitive villages with their Christian places of worship, and, in fine, for its clear account of the beautiful scenery and fertile soil of Abyssinia; the book, it may be repeated, recommends itself particularly to those who would seek fresh woods and pastures new for sport, because of the writer's judgment in noting in his diary nothing but what is likely to be of use or of interest to the sportsman. Though Lord Mayo, through sleeping with insufficient clothing, became seriously ill, and had eventually to be borne back to Massowah in an improvised palanquin the greater part of the way, he yet speaks in enthusiastic terms of Abyssinia, compares the air on its hills to "champagne, minus the headache," and expresses a hope that he will be able to revisit its hunting-grounds "under more favourable auspices." We trust the "better luck" his Lordship wishes for may be his on his next visit; but we venture to ask whether such a practical

illustration as the following of Pistol's favourite mode of—well, conveying the wise it call—is likely to ensure for him a friendly welcome in future:

I went up to the old chicken's house and asked for bread, or, in fact, anything that he had. His wife, who was as big a liar as himself, told me that she had nothing. So I went straight in and took a large jug of beer and a jar of honey, gave them to my servants to carry, and walked back towards our future camping-place. The old lady now began to yell, and the other women of the village joined in chorus. The men in the village all turned out with spears, shields, guns, sticks, &c., and surrounded us, making a horrid noise. They managed to get the beer away from us, but we stuck to the honey; and one of the servants and myself brought it to the tree where I had been sitting. The natives continued yelling, and Brou tried to pacify them. Some of the young fellows said, "We will die! we will die! but you shall not keep the honey."

Fair Rosamond, and other Poems. By B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. Third Edition. London: Provost and Co.

The noblest conception of art is that it serves as a teacher of mankind. The Greeks held that the function of art was to delight; the Christians go further, and say art must instruct as well. Hence, when we find any man working with a view to ennobling his fellows, we are disposed to regard him as a lay bishop of the intellectual order. To the careless reader Mr. Ranking will seem chiefly a graphic painter of external nature treated objectively; to the moralist he will seem an earnest pleader in the cause of that broad and de-vulgarising charity which is the spirit of the human canons in the New Law. Through almost every poem in the present volume the writer pleads that none of our fellow-sinners be judged by us, but that we consider we know only of the indictment, not of the provocation, the standpoint of the transgressor, or the way in which the Great Judge may view deeds. Mr. Ranking will pass sentence on no man's soul. He is free to admit faults have been committed; but he beseeches us to leave the offender's guilt or innocence in the hands of the Final Tribunal, at which no mere man shall have liberty to raise voice. Such is the spirit in which Mr. Ranking writes. The only exception in the book is "Rosmunda," a poem having no place in such a scheme, and recalling the easy poetic justice of "The Decameron." We trust that in future editions, of which we hope there may be many, the author will omit this piece. Mr. Ranking's themes are various. The leading poem—that which gives a name to the volume—is the sad story of Fair Rosamond. It is in three parts—I, "Love's Betraying;" II, "Rosamond's Bower;" III, "The King's Tryst." The scene in the wood where Squire Hugh finds Rosamond with the King and learns her love for him is gone, has a sturdy dramatic movement. The fatal interview between the injured Queen and the frail and faithless Rosamond scarcely rises to the situation; but the coming of the King through the maze and his discovery of his mistress's death are well imagined and very vivid. The key to the poem is contained in the two conflicting lines—

'Love is strong, and shall last for ever!'
'Change is the strongest, and shall prevail.'

All through we are in the presence of green woods, and bright flowers, and brilliant skies, which make a significant contrast to the mortal agonies of the characters. Here is a tender thought well put—

It was but as we all remember
The April flowers in hot September,
When, gaudiest weeds the fields may prank,
We would give them all for a primrose bank,
They lack the hue and the smell of the flowers
That smiled through tears in the spring-tide showers.

It would be quite impossible in the space at our disposal to make an examination, ever so slight, of all the poems; we shall, therefore, speak only of a few. "The Rhyme of St. Christopher," the next long one, is a legend peculiarly suited to Mr. Ranking's mode of thought. It treats of the search of the unloved Reprobis after a worthy master, and his ultimate adoption of Christianity and development into the Christian saint whose name is in the title. The analysis of the giant's gloomy mind, and his scorn of inferior masters is very successful; over all seems to hang a dark and portentous cloud, the pall of muttered thunder giving depth and solemnity to the mental struggles of the hero. There is something lurid and mystic in these lines—

Above the ridges sharp drawn line of grey
The sky sank outward like a cool blue flood,
And where between two peaks there was a bay
Swam up a full round moon as red as blood
Light, yet of light scarce yielding any beams,
Like a sealed fountain where there flow no streams,

And here are two fine lines occurring in a description of the conflict between Reprobis and Satan:

Faint grew the struggler's flesh, but his true soul
Grew strong with strength of her own agony.

In the short poem "Pelagia" we discover a large masculine pathos which would serve as a tonic after much verse we read. "Beauty and Gain" is an allegory wherein the contention between the two is shown; when Beauty lies hopeless, Art steps in and rescues her from annihilation. "The Death of Ossian," is Mr. Ranking's most ambitious effort, and, we are disposed to think, his best. There is about it and in it a gloom and power which drove our minds back to Keats's colossal fragment, "Hyperion." We do not say any likeness exists; there is none. But in this poem appears nothing small in the blank verse portions, and the picture of the dying Pagan bard is massive and severe. There is large handling here—

The wind crept in, and, sweeping through the skins,
Clattered the arms with echoes of far fight,
Murmured upon the harp and died away.

"The Mead of Much Desire" opens a vision of Paradise, showing souls of many nations, and various moral reputations, dwelling therein. Again in this he enforces his favourite theory, witness—

Thorns may lurk in a flowering sod,
Blossoms grow of a biting rod.

"The Abbot's Lesson" impresses the folly of trying to measure infinite quantities with a finite mind. The abbot wonders whether the endless ages of eternity will not weary, goes forth, and comes back to his monastery in what seems to him an hour, he having been greatly charmed by the singing of a linnet during his absence. When he enters the monastery he finds a hundred years have passed. A pathetic episode adds human interest, and the whole is good. To pass from the matter to the manner, we are disposed to think Mr. Ranking has been a student of Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan poets. His love of allegory makes us imagine Spenser a favourite of his. It is much to be deplored that most of our most useful and sonorous verbs suffer sad loss of music in their deflection from their radical forms; but for some time there has been a departure from the old usage of keeping them in the present indicative shape by the use of "do" or "did;" in the volume under notice we find frequent recurrence to the old expedient. We sometimes see the weight of rhyming cast on words not often so used. This was one of Keats's favourite means of giving surprises; but it should be used temperately. Obsolete words occur now and then. They always come like old friends on us; but many general readers may be at a loss

for their meanings. There is in all the poems a directness and simplicity of language which cannot be too highly commended. The measures are almost innumerable. For our part, we think the author at his best in the more stately and sombre metres; his subjects are sombre, and wear a grave garment most fittingly. Throughout objective treatment prevails, and a close and loving observation of all the phenomena of nature reveals itself. Mr. Ranking seems to be one of those writers who considers a poet ought to have a mission. Unquestionably he has, and his may be put in words from the "Ancient Mariner"—

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

Any such moralist owns our liveliest good wishes, and Mr. Ranking has, moreover, our cordial admiration of his verse. We conclude with one more extract, a

SONG.

She pulled the leaf, she pulled the flower,
A maiden rose with Tyrian dower,
And under the leaf was a tiny bud,
Green and streaked with a streak of blood.
Oh! and alas, proud Marion!

The red rose royally shone in her hair,
The bud fell dying with none to care,
Withered alone in the summer time
When all the others had reached their prime.
Oh! and alas, proud Marion!

Alas for a maiden that dies a maid!
For the red heart doomed unknown to fade!
The leafy shroud and the turf are green,
But the life has faded from lip and ean.
Oh! and alas, proud Marion!

Debrett's Illustrated Peerage and Baronetage for 1876. Dean and Son.

"I never review a work unless I have read it through," remarked a critic the other day, and none but this conscientious reviewer or that well-known maiden lady who can tell you off the reel whether a certain personage is a member of the celebrated Norfolk or Suffolk Howard family could be equal to the task of passing an authoritative opinion on "Debrett." Seeing, however, that this popular green and red volume has the high honour of being "personally revised by the titled classes of the realm," it would be presumptuous for a commoner to attempt to discuss the merits of a standard book of reference that has been established for "one hundred and seventy years." Nevertheless, in venturing to add that the present edition of "Debrett" appears, from a glance through its pages, to be as useful a compilation as heretofore, we may, perhaps, be allowed to quote a modest paragraph from the preface of the gentleman (doubtless of the bluest of blue blood) who has "the honour to subscribe 'himself' the editor":—

"For a publication to have preserved a high reputation for such a remarkably long period is entirely exceptional; and we believe that 'Debrett' of the present day is as much respected by those members of the aristocracy who are in their virility (*sic*) as by those who, now in their senility (*sic*), have for six or seven decades patronised the work."

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from R. W. S., E. Bechhofen, W. H. Anderson (No. 87), A. Neayer, Pendryl Hall, A. J. H., Peter, I. S. T., Major F., and an anonymous correspondent. Those by John Hamilton and Polly Winterschalden are wrong.
A. J. H.—Cook's *Synopsis* is the best book on the openings for a beginner. You can obtain it from W. Morgan, 67, Barbican.
T. ALLISON.—He has been dead several years.
A. F. WELDON.—A letter addressed to the Café International, New York, will find him.
W. H. ANDERSON.—There is no mate in Problem No. 88 by 1. Q to Q sq or Q to Q 2, as Black, in reply, can play 1. Q to Q 6th.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 88.

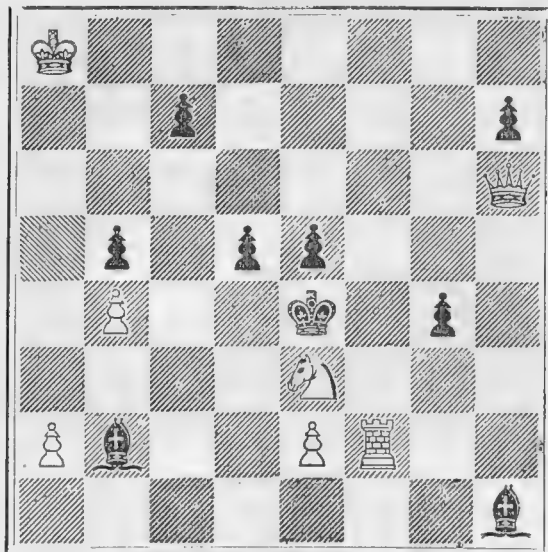
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K 3	Anything
2. Mates.	

PROBLEM No. 89.

By Mr. W. S. PAVITT.

(From Messrs. Pierce's new collection of English Chess Problems.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Hunting.

H.R. MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS met on Tuesday last at Farnham Royal. The weather was dull, but, notwithstanding, there was a good field out, including Mr. R. Richardson Gardner, M.P., Captain and Lady Julia Follett, Captain Johnstone, Colonel Smyth, Mr. Mears, Captain Verrall, many officers of the Scots Fusilier Guards from Windsor, who usually hunt with Lord Charles Innes Ker's Draghounds, and a goodly sprinkling of the London sporting gentlemen. Shortly after twelve o'clock the deer Marquis was uncared near the Common, and after ringing about for some time made for Darby Wood and into Burnham Beeches, thence doubled back to Farnham-common, and then, making for the two-mile brook, he got into a pond, where he remained for some time, and, after running up

by the side of the Great Western Railway in the direction of Maidenhead, was taken in that neighbourhood after an indifferent run, the going being very heavy. The noble master was not out. The meet on Friday will be at the Royal Standard, Binfield, at 10.30.

A numerous meeting of gentlemen hunting with the East Sussex Hunt was held at the Albion Hotel, Hastings, last Saturday. On the retirement of Mr. Egerton from the mastership, two years since, Mr. E. Frewen undertook the management on the understanding that he should dispense with the services of a professional huntsman, the expense of keeping the hounds and horses to be defrayed by the master, and the remaining expenses by the committee. Mr. Frewen said that he had frequently heard dissatisfaction expressed that he did not engage a professional huntsman, and many other unpleasant things had occurred, which had led him to decide to resign. He said he had worked like a slave to secure sport, but with very unsatisfactory results so far as his own pleasure was concerned. After considerable discussion, Mr. Frewen agreed to continue the management for two more seasons, without a professional huntsman, £400 a year being guaranteed towards expenses. At the conclusion of the business a meeting was held with reference to the East Sussex Hunt Steeplechases. It was announced that Mr. T. Brassey, M.P., had consented to their being held on his land at Catsfield; and Wednesday, April 19, was fixed for holding them. Mr. T. Fareman was appointed clerk of the course.

SETTER v. POINTER.

We quote the following article from one of the ablest of American sporting papers, the *Field of Chicago*:—

"The question as to the comparative merits of these two breeds can only be answered relatively, and with due regard for the work to be performed. If considered otherwise a manifest injustice will be done, since neither dog can wholly take the place of the other. Each has his appropriate sphere, and though in our opinion one has much the wider range for the exhibition of his qualities, we certainly consider honour and credit the just due of both.

"If man is not confined to any location or climate for his sport, but wanders from section to section at the dictates of his fancy—to-day shooting snipe on the marshes and lowlands, to-morrow climbing rough hillsides for ruffed grouse—he will undoubtedly find the setter the most killing dog, because better adapted by coat and frame for such trying work, and thus better defended against its ill effects; but, on the other hand, if the sportsman spends all his time upon the prairies among the pinnated grouse, or if he lives in those southern States where heat and lack of water place the setter at a disadvantage, the pointer is best suited to his work.

"We are fully aware that many men claim the pointer is the equal of the setter at all times and in all places, but we are forced to regard such men as of limited experience in variety if not quantity of shooting. We do not consider any man a good judge of what is needed under circumstances essentially different from those he is habitually associated with. 'Experience teaches,' and to test pointers and setters thoroughly a man must have many seasons' trial on all kinds of game, and in all, lying from open ground to the closest cover, as well as under the vicissitudes of climate, from the heat of summer to the cold of mid-winter. Yet men will jump at conclusions; and, because they see their pointers holding their own against setters under favourable circumstances, they imagine they will do the same in cover and cat-briers, or upon half-frozen marshes, where the surface breaks beneath the dog's stride, leaving sharp edges that test the toughest and best padded feet. Occasionally one meets men who say they have worked their pointers upon each ground, and they did as well there as elsewhere; but pin such talkers down to a question of the length of such trials, and it appears they were only of a few hours or on occasional days. One hears, too, of 'the old rough-haired pointers, so much superior to these we have now, you know, that could go anywhere and stand any work.' We, too, have seen such dogs—game, plucky fellows, that would go as long as they could, that braved thorny covers with sore feet and bleeding sides, till consequent frostbites and lack of rest at night proved too much for even their high courage, and, thoroughly worn out, they could not crawl out of their kennels, while their setter companions were as ready as ever for the fun.

"Undeniably, there is a limit to every dog's endurance, and a good tough man can walk any one of them to a standstill; but if tried side by side in all places till one or the other gives out, we have no hesitation in declaring that a setter will stay the longest, and that we regard him therefore as by far the most generally useful dog. Any man can satisfy himself on this point if he will give the matter a fair trial, not of an occasional day, but of three months' honest, hard work. Let him start the dogs together on a prairie on Oct. 1 and work east to New England, and before the middle of December he will be a convert to our opinion, if he is working his pointer against a setter worthy of the name.

"These assertions are not matters of mere personal opinion, for they are susceptible of proof, and we know that they are indorsed by many, if not most, of our practically-experienced sportsmen, as well as foreign authorities, one of whom—Stonehenge—bears the following testimony:—Moreover, where there

is not heather there are bogs, both in Irish and Scotch moors, and on wet ground the setter is also better than the pointer, as he is more enduring of fatigue, cold, and wet.

"We have heard it claimed that the pointer has a superior nose. This is a more difficult matter to settle than the question of endurance, since we have yet no extensive field trials at which great numbers of both breeds can compete, so that this quality can be tested sufficiently to make it a trial of the race and not of a few individuals only. This must therefore remain a matter of opinion, unless we are willing to decide it by the expressed convictions of prominent authorities. Turning again to Laverack, we find the following words:—'There is no doubt that good bred setters are quite as keen of nose as pointers.' Another writer—Daniel—in his work on 'Rural Sports,' says of setters: 'Their noses are undoubtedly superior.' We do not claim the last, but agree more nearly with Laverack, and think the nose equally good in both, so far as we can judge from the specimens we have encountered.

"Our deductions from the foregoing are:—If a man lives in a hot, dry country and never shoots elsewhere, a pointer will suit him best; but if he wants a dog for all kinds of work, and over which he can kill every variety of game bird with the least regard to cover, footing, or temperature, let him get a high-couraged, pure-blooded setter, intelligently handle and break him, treat him well, and fear no form of dog that can be brought against him."

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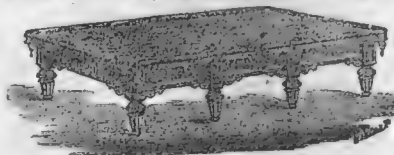
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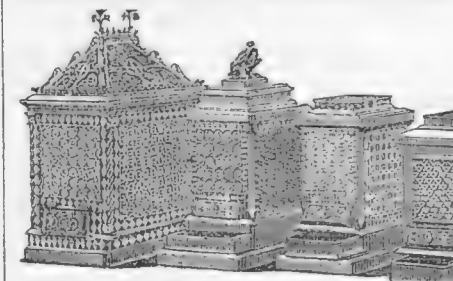
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Price 1s. 6d. per Pot.

Angel-passage, 83, Upper Thames-street, London.

THE EGLINTON HUNT and GRAND NATIONAL HUNT MEETING will take place (over BOGSIDE COURSE, IRVINE, N.B.) on **THURSDAY and FRIDAY, APRIL 6 and 7, 1876.**

The Flat Races to be run under the Newmarket Rules, and the Steeplechases and Hunters' Races under the Grand National Steeplechase Rules.

The following races close to Mr. Shaw, Ayr; Mr. R. Johnson, York; Mr. Lawley, London; or Messrs. Weatherby, London, on Tuesday, March 7:—

FIRST DAY. STEEPLECHASES.

The GRAND NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, and 3 only for subscribers who do not name (to go to the Grand National Hunt Fund), with 400 sovs in specie added, for bona fide hunters that at the time of starting have never won any steeplechase, hurdle-race, or flat race value 20 sovs, not including the winner's own stake, and that have never started in a handicap steeplechase or hurdle-race up to the time of starting; four-year-olds, 10st 10lb; five, 12st 11lb; six and aged, 12st 10lb; to be ridden by qualified gentlemen, farmers, or farmers' sons who have never ridden for hire; the second to receive 50 sovs, and the third 20 sovs out of the stakes. About four miles.

The EGLINTON HANDICAP of 12 sovs each, h ft, with 200 sovs added; a winner of 50 sovs after the weights are published () to carry 7lb, twice or of 100 sovs 10lb extra; the second to receive 30 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake; entrance 3 sovs, which is the only liability if forfeit be declared by a day to be hereafter published. About three miles and a half.

SECOND DAY. STEEPLECHASES.

The GRAND NATIONAL MAIDEN HUNTERS' PLATE of 150 sovs, for bona fide hunters that up to the time of starting have never won a steeplechase, hunters' flat race, or hurdle-race value 20 sovs; four-year-olds 10st 7lb, five 11st 11lb, six and aged 12st 7lb; to be ridden by qualified gentlemen, farmers, or their sons; entrance 2 sovs (to go to the fund). About three miles.

The WEST OF SCOTLAND GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE, a Handicap of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, and 3 only (to the fund) if declared by a day to be hereafter published, with 100 sovs added; winners after the weights are published () to carry 7lb, twice or the Eglington Handicap 14lb extra; the second to save his stake. About two miles and a half.

FLAT RACE.

The IRVINE CUP of 70 sovs, added to a Handicap of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, and 2 only (to the fund) if declared by a day to be hereafter published; winners of 50 sovs after the weights are published () to carry 7lb, twice or 100 sovs 10lb extra; the second to save his stake. One mile.

For other Races and Regulations see "Racing Calendar," No. IV., page 31.

STEWARDS.

The Duke of HAMILTON.
The Marquis of HUNTLY.
The Earl of EGLINTON and WINTON.
Hon. G. R. VERNON.
Viscount MELGUND.
R. A. OSWALD, Esq., of Auchincruive.
The GRAND NATIONAL HUNT COMMITTEE.
Mr. T. LAWLEY, London, Judge, Handicapper, and Clerk of the Scales.
Major DIXON, Starter.
Messrs. WEATHERBY, Stakeholders for the Grand National Hunt Races.
C. G. SHAW, County-buildings, Ayr, Secretary and Clerk of the Course.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE RACES

(SUMMER RACES).
JUNE 27, 28, and 29, 1876.

The following excellent handicap stakes and a new race for two-year-olds for this meeting close and name on Tuesday, first, March 7, namely:—

FIRST DAY.

The MONKCHESTER PLATE of 200 sovs for two-year-olds, weight for sex, with penalties and allowances. Entrance 3 sovs each. Five furlongs.

SECOND DAY.

The NORTHERNBERLAND PLATE of 25 sovs each, 10 forfeit, and 5 only if declared, with 500 sovs net added, for three-year-olds and upwards. Two miles.

THIRD DAY.

The NEWCASTLE HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, 5 forfeit, and 3 only if declared, with 200 sovs net added for three-year-olds and upwards. One mile and a half.

The STEWARDS' CUP (Handicap) all in money of 10 sovs each, 5 forfeit, with 100 sovs net added for three-year-olds and upwards. Nearly one mile.

For full articles see "Racing Calendar" of this week (No. 9), or apply to Mr. Thomas Craggs, Clerk of the Races, Stockton-on-Tees.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c.

ALDRIDGE'S, London.—Established 1753.—SALES by AUCTION of HORSES and CARRIAGES on every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 11 o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a week before either sale day. Horses received on Mondays and Thursdays, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Accounts paid on those days only, between 10 and 4. Cheques forwarded to the country on written request. The sale on Wednesday next will include Brougham and Phaeton Horses from Messrs. Joshua East and Co., Mr. John Hetherington, Messrs. Dyer and Pearl, and other job-masters, with Hacks and Harness Horses, Cobs, and Ponies, from noblemen and gentlemen, new and second-hand Carriages, Harness, &c.
W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

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No Farm or Stable complete without one.
6 Colic and Gripe Mixtures for Horses and Cattle.
6 Tonic and Stimulating Drinks for Horses.
12 Physic Balls.
12 Diuretic Balls.
12 Calving and Cleansing Drinks for Cows.
2 Bottles of Lotions for Sore Shoulders and Withers.
12 Condition and Cordial Balls.
2 Bottles of White Oils, for Sprains, &c.
1 Bottle of Tincture.
1 Can of "Barker's" celebrated Grease Ointment.
1 Large Pot of Blistering Ointment.
1 Ditto Box of Distemper Pills, for Dogs.
The Whole complete in Case.
Price 50s.

From George Barker, Veterinary Officer to the Borough of Gravesend.
Preventive Drink for Cattle against Foot-and-Mouth Disease, now so prevalent, price 15s. per dozen, with instructions.

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Gentlemen are respectfully invited to inspect our various descriptions of CLUMP SOLED BOOTS AND SHOES, 25s. to 35s., and our new "PEDESTRIAN BOOTS," 45s.
THOMAS D. MARSHALL and BURT,
192, Oxford-street, London.

STALLIONS.

Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN, by West Australian, out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs. and one guinea the groom.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, &c.)—Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom.

THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fracions, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs; half-bred mares at 5gs, unless previously sold.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern. All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

LORD LYON (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Bluemantle, Gardevisure, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenipo. At 25gs, and 1 guinea the groom. The subscription to this horse is nearly full.

COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. At 10gs, and 10s the groom.

GLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s the groom.

Apply to D. Dollamore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares.

Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

SUFFOLK, by North Lincoln out of Protection (dam of Margery Daw), by Defence, at 15gs a mare, groom's fee included. All Suffolk's stock, with one exception, that have started are winners, including The Ghost, Sailor, Baumber, &c.
Apply to Mr. W. TAYLOR SHARPE, as above.

AT ALWALTON, PETERBOROUGH.

MONTAGNARD (bred in France), by Fitz-Gladiator out of Milwood, by Sir Hercules; thoroughbred mares at £5 5s.; half-breds at half price.
Mares at 11s. a week; with corn, at 16s.
Apply to C. KIRK, Alwalton, Peterborough; or Mr. Core, Angel Inn, Peterborough.

AT MYTON STUD FARM, NEAR YORK.

SYRIAN. A limited number of mares at 10gs; groom's fee, 10s.
BLUEMANTLE. Thoroughbreds, 5gs and 10s. the groom; half-breds, 2gs and 6s. the groom.
SHEPHERD F. KNAPP, the famous trotter, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d. the groom.
Apply to EDWARD C. MUNBY, Myton, Helperby, York.

AT OLD OAK FARM, SHEPHERD'S-BUSH

(Three Miles from Albert-gate).
MARSYAS (Sire of Albert Victor, George Frederick, &c.), a chestnut horse, by Orlando out of Malibran, by Whisker. A limited number of mares, at 50gs each (groom's fee included).
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Apply to D. DOLLAMORE, Stud Groom.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York.

SPECULUM. A limited number of Mares, at 50gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.
KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, at 25gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.
MARTYRDOM, at 10gs; Groom's fee, 10s.
All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.
Apply to JOHN HUBY, Stud Groom, as above.

At Bonehill Paddock, Tamworth.

PERO GOMEZ, at 50gs a Mare.
MUSKET, at 40gs a Mare.
Foaling Mares, 25s.; Barren Mares, 20s per week.
For further particulars, apply to Mr. P. SCOTT, as above.

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ASTEROID (Sire of Siderolite), by Stockwell out of Teetotum, by Touchstone—Versatility, by Blacklock. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s. the groom.
HENRY HOPKINS, Stud Groom.

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KING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, out of Lioness, by Pandango, fifteen mares, besides a few of his owner's, at 30gs a mare, and 1 guinea to the groom. Subscription list full.
Apply to Thomas Cartwright, as above.

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All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.
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Foaling mares, 21s. per week; barren mares, 16s. per week. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.
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EXPRESS DOUBLE RIFLES, '577 bore, carrying 6 drs. of powder, from 25gs. Also of other sizes, '500, '450, and '360 bores. All our Rifles and Guns are carefully shot, and trials solicited.

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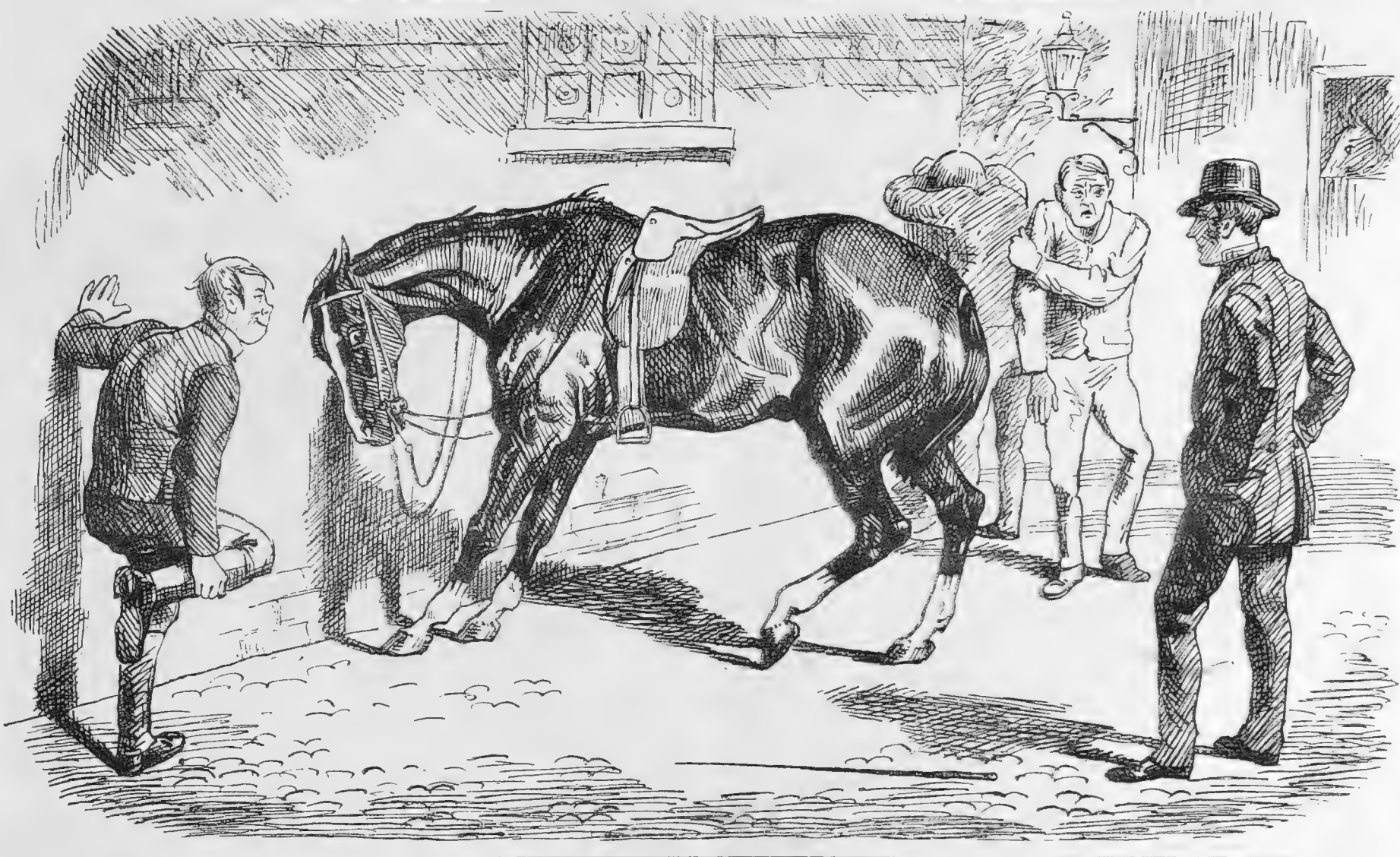
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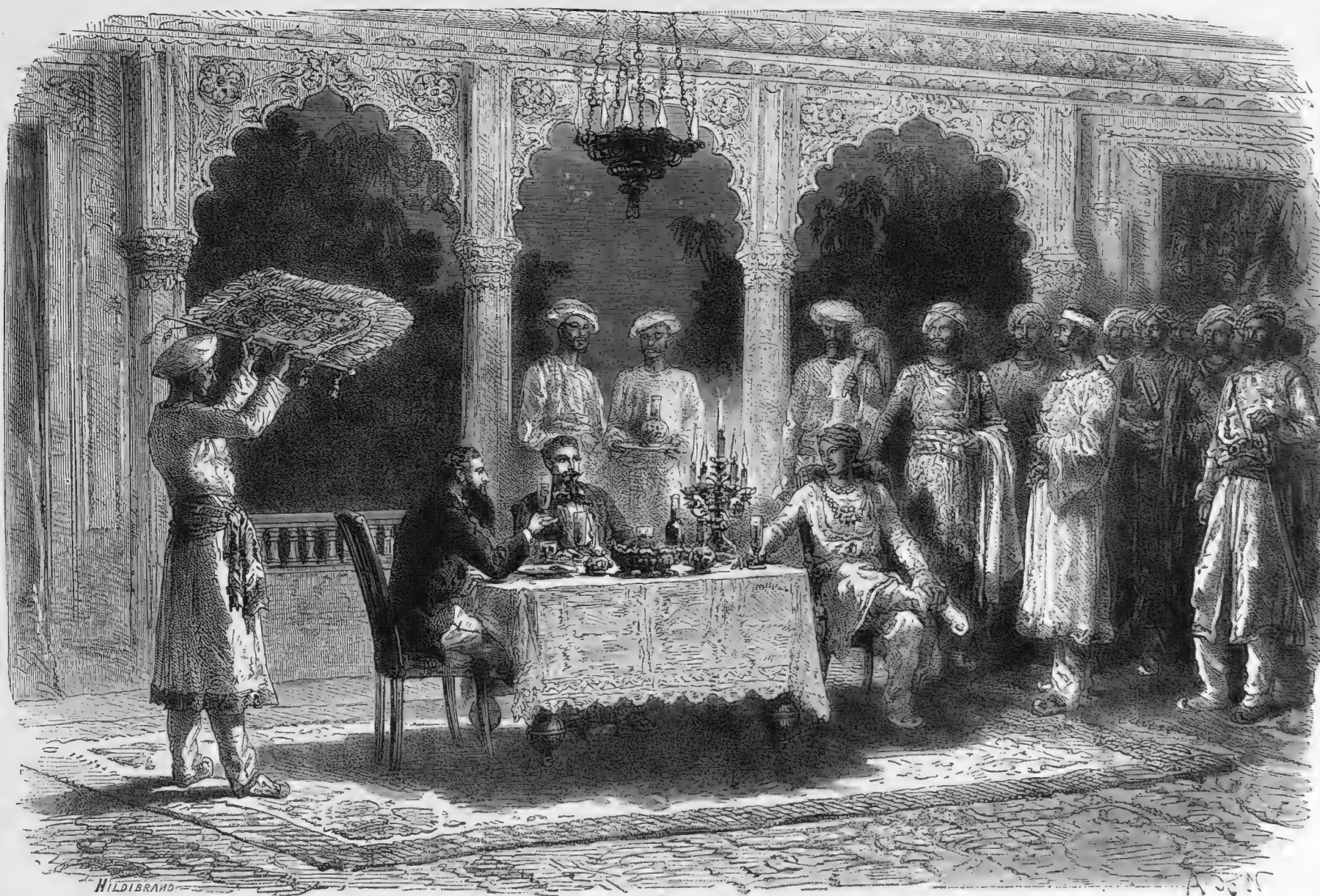
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"SIC ITUR AD ASTRA."



A DINNER WITH A RAJAH.—SEE INDIAN SKETCHES, VI.

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All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of inquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1876.

We cannot help thinking that there is a vast deal too much touting and chronicling of small beer in connection with the University Boat-Race. During the two months preceding its decision almost daily reports are dispatched by special correspondents to the head-quarters of the journal they represent; and the smallest details concerning the practice of the crews and all manner of scraps of information are eagerly communicated to the public. Considering that really first-rate judges of rowing may be almost numbered on the fingers, and that those capable of forming even a fairly-accurate judgment of the merits of individuals are few and far between, it is not surprising that those perusing the various reports should turn away from the subject in disgust, and with ideas utterly confused by different versions of the same story. Before the great contest is ripe for decision, the public mind must be heartily sick of the rowing Nargot which pervades both newspaper articles and general conversation, and must be thankful when "catch," "grip," "beginning," and "feather" are no longer kept set in type by printers' devils, and when the merits of competing craft are no longer fought over by Greeks and Trojans, like the body of Hector. Photographs and "interviews" are Americanisms which have been too readily adopted by us in all cases of sensational episodes, among which we are sorry to be compelled to reckon the annual aquatic trial of strength between Oxford and Cambridge. The idle and frivolous section of society is sustained by such feverish diet, and plunges madly into all possible shades of blue; but among its soberer members it has long been felt that the thing is overdone, and that half the real enjoyment attaching to the race and its surroundings is rendered disappointing by mere anticipation.

We believe that we are reflecting the opinions of nine tenths of those who, being past or present University men, possess something more than a mere casual interest in the race, as well as the sentiments of a large proportion of the aquatic world of London, when we state our conviction that a return to the early days of University boat-racing would be as welcome as it is unlikely, and that a deal too much of "Telegraphic" sensation has been imported into

the meeting of the representative eights of the sister seats of learning. A few hours of real pleasure to lovers of rowing and to the comparatively small body of spectators otherwise interested in the race has now degenerated into a day's hard work, and from dawn to sunset the Saturday saturnalia by the riverside are in full swing. We rise up early in the morning to secure places for a brief view of the race, make the best of a hurried midday meal eaten in haste under the dusty influence of a March wind or seasoned with April's showers, and turn our steps homewards, rejoicing or sorrowing, in the cold of the evening, with a consciousness of having "done the correct thing," though our impressions of the rapidly passing race may be vague and uncertain, and a delightful confusion even as to colour may exist in our mind. We have not even the very plausible excuse brought forward by visitors to the Eton and Harrow cricket match of fine July weather, an opportunity for a picnic, an entire day devoted to the game, and the best of all good company in which to mingle. There is not even the pleasure afforded to those who shrink from the noisy surroundings of the race for the Derby, of a quiet inspection of the candidates before the start; to all except a favoured few there is a meteor flash of eight pairs of blue oars, a charge of steam-boats contemporaneous with a charge of roughs along the banks, and the race, so far as they are concerned, is over.

It is clear that the greater part of this false enthusiasm and hollow pretence of interest in a trial of strength between the rival eights has been engendered and fostered by that portion of the press which would turn everything it touches into sensationalism, and is ever on the alert to unearth some new species of excitement. If the all-abiding feeling of interest which we are told has perpetually animated the British breast on the eve of the University Boat-Race has existed so long among us, how is it that it has never been developed before? If we are told, as we probably shall be, that it is owing to the increase of our sporting instincts as a nation, we shall take that assertion for what it is worth, and reply that these instincts must have been equally strong in the days when, as veracious chroniclers gravely inform us, "there were several hundreds of spectators assembled on the tow-path, and among them three or four horsemen, intending to accompany the crews from Putney to Mortlake." We must not be supposed to advocate a return to these *tempora acta*, but it is impossible not to compare the rational enjoyment of the race at a comparatively recent date with the modern exodus of all the world of London to the limited space affording a view of the proceedings. It requires no great stimulus to galvanise into action the masses ever on the alert for some excuse to make holiday, and such inducements to attract them are readily supplied by journals which make much capital out of the small things of this life. To the members composing the crews, as well as to their advisers, this system of recording the small beer of their daily movements, both in and out of their boats, must soon cease to be complimentary, or even amusing; however pleasant to the young idea it may be to become centres of attraction during a fortnight's sojourn in the classic region of Putney. But, while criticising the form and style of individual men in the crews, the aquatic touts should confine their labours to proper limits, and not presume to give advice upon questions which it is neither within their province nor power to decide. The selection, formation, and coaching of a crew is one of those cases to which the proverb of a "multitude of counsellors" does not apply. At neither University does there appear to be any lack of laborious and disinterested advisers to whom the thankless office of mentor may be safely confided: and out of this circle it would seem neither fair nor politic to seek for assistance. In venturing to suggest changes in the composition of a crew constituted according to the riper judgment of men who have served a long and arduous apprenticeship to the science of rowing, public writers are treading on delicate ground, and are little aware of the consequences which may follow upon their rashness. When we read that there exists "much dissatisfaction at the way in which the crew is made up," we are tempted to inquire whether, if the statement be true, there can be any advantage in giving publicity to it; and if it be false, who but the disseminator of such an untruth could have been its fabricator? Of course, there is always a discontented faction, who consider themselves ill-used from having been tried and rejected, or not tried at all; but our experience tells us that patriotism runs sufficiently high at Oxford and Cambridge to preclude all ideas of favouritism being allowed to prevail; and that petty jealousies and dislikes are cheerfully put on one side for the benefit of the common cause. If touting and its high falutin' style of reporting are still to go on, let them be kept within proper limits; but unasked-for advice not infrequently defeats its occasionally honest purposes by inducing a neglect of and contempt for its proffered offices.

AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.—The correspondent of the New York *Spirit of the Times* thus describes the chances of the American racing-stable which has been brought to England to contest the palm at Newmarket and Goodwood:—"The American horses in England are doing favourably. If they win anything they will have to work for it, for Admiral Rous has been far from lenient in handicapping them. For the International Free Handicap at Newmarket, 150 dols each, half forfeit, with 1000 dols added and 500 dols to second, one mile and 513 yards, old Prea-kness has 126lb to carry. He has run formidable races under this weight; and Munster, one of the best horses in England, is conceding him 5lb; but the impost is, I think, too heavy to give our representative much chance of winning. Some weedy three-year-old, with 80lb or so up, will be apt to get the money. Mate, the stout and speedy son of Australian and Mattie Gross, has been more favourably treated. In the City and Suburban Handicap, at Epsom, 75 dols each, 50 dols forfeit, and 25 dols dec., 1000 dols added, 250 dols to second, 1 mile and a quarter, he carries 115lb, which I think is just about his fit. With from 100lb to 110lb on his back he can travel fast and far; and, as he is receiving 21lb from the English crack, Lowlander, it looks very much as if Mate would give the cockneys a chance of remarking."

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[Adv't.]

INDIAN SKETCHES.

No. VI.—A DINNER IN AN INDIAN PALACE.

In the Engraving before the reader two European travellers are dining with the Rajs of Myhere—or rather, having dessert with him. The scene—a picturesque and highly characteristic one, down to its minutest details—is, as a vivid reflection of a phase of life in India, not less interesting than any we have hitherto from time to time commented upon. The Europeans have doubtless partaken of the substantial part of their meal by themselves. The Rajah would break caste if he were to eat with no-caste men, as we Europeans are. But many of the highest natives will not object to tossing off a glass of champagne and eating a piece of candied fruit with you, be you a native of San Francisco or Moscow. The writer of these sketches has himself, on three occasions, had dessert with native Maharajahs. He will not soon forget one occasion. His Highness "mixed" his wine; and moselle, and burgundy, and curaçoa held a free fight within the Royal paunch. It was a most unfortunate occurrence; but his Highness had to be borne off in an undignified manner by his attendants to the verandah, where he was very sick. Shortly afterwards the Court surgeon administered the remedy of a "pick-me-up," in the shape of a brandy-and-soda; and his Highness was as right as a trivet within half an hour afterwards. He subsequently advised the writer solemnly "never to mix."

The hall in which we see before us (in the Engraving) the European travellers dining with the Rajs of Myhere is one characteristic of the palaces of the Rajpoots, Mohammedans, and Sikhs of Bengal and Bombay. Look at the curious Saracenic work of the arches, which open out directly upon the cool night air. The ornamentation, too, of the pillars is evidently elaborate, and the mural decoration florid. But dimly, far away beyond, may be seen nature's grand ideas of decorative art in its perfection—gleaming constellations, the ineffable luxuriance of tropic vegetation, and towering palms, shooting loftily up on each side of the scarce-seen waters of a dreamy stream!

Within the hall in which the European visitors sit with their native host the scene is one of light and life. Above hangs the usual kind of lamp used in large Hindoo houses—namely, a many-wicked oil candelabra. On the table tapers are used; but, generally, natives prefer, in palace, as well as in hut, to burn oil-lamps. Often the chief wealth of a poor labourer lies in his polished and furnished bronze and brass lamps, each standing about as high as himself, and sometimes heavy enough to require two persons to lift them from placeto place. The Rajah and his principal guest face each other, and the European is evidently drinking his host's good health. Look at the stately retainers standing behind the young man their Royal master. It is out of such stuff that our best sepoys are made. A glance at their haughty, determined faces shows what manner of men they are. Behind the chief European guest an attendant swings a gorgeous hand-punkah, made of *cane*, and fringed with the feathers of peacocks and other bright-plumaged birds. A thick and costly carpet underlies the table. But—and this one little feature in the drawing shows the absolute accuracy of the artist's pencil—look at the chair on which the European who is being fanned is sitting. What an ungainly, old-fashioned, uncomfortable, inelegant thing! Now, it is true, though strange, that however grand the surroundings of native courts, and however costly the jewels and works of art displayed in palaces, may be, yet as a general, and, indeed, almost as a universal rule, the furniture is so bad that it would disgrace a moderately-respectable London lodging-house! The same can be said, even more forcibly, of the paintings, lithographs, sketches, and engravings which "adorn" the walls of Indian palaces. They are almost without exception tawdry, gaudy, trashy, and worthless. Prints of ballet-girls and twopenny-halipenny valentines are frequently to be seen on the walls of lofty halls and stately corridors, framed in solid silver, and even gold—the frames sometimes being worth £300 and £400! Natives are a strange race in many ways. In some particulars their taste is most keen and most acutely discriminating. But in other particulars they have no more an idea of the elegant, the chaste, and the beautiful than a hippopotamus has of Paris fashions! It is notorious that the most enlightened native rajahs prefer the music which an average Highland piper will discourse to them on his pipes to the most brilliant movement executed by an Arabella Goddard on a piano. A thousand other instances might be adduced of their "barbaric" taste. To Europeans many of their most marked proclivities are a standing riddle. Their ideas are so incongruous that it is difficult to analyse and reconcile them one with another. For example, the Hindoo loves a splendid gem "of purest ray serene." Not very long ago a Guicowar of Baroda gave £75,000 for a single diamond—the "Star of the South." Throughout India the number of jewels which are the private property of individuals—and especially those which are the property of wealthy temples—is simply incalculable, and the value of the precious stones undeterminably great. Yet most of these gems—indeed, 999 out of every 1000—are shockingly cut, or not cut at all, or horribly mutilated by being bored through the centre! Think of the taste of a man who will take a huge pear-shaped pearl, worth £500, and deliberately bore a hole through it, and then fasten it to his ear or nose by a piece of copper wire not worth an anna! Yet this is frequently done. The barbarism of such a practice is more astounding, if possible, than Cleopatra's famous freak of dissolving costly pearls and then drinking the solution. Now look at the table at which the Rajs of Myhere and his European guests are sitting. All the adjuncts seem quietly elegant enough. No doubt that dish and that candlestick are of purest silver or gold. Now turn the eye upward again to that candelabrum hanging above the party at table. Probably it is of brass—but say it is of gold. In any case, it may be predicted with tolerable certainty that the oil feeding the wicks burning in it is a thick, dark, ill-odoured stuff—coarse cocoanut oil, or the juice of the bitter berry of the neem. Each of those flames emits a smoke and smell worthy of the steerage of a rotten old emigrant-ship! And yet those jewels round the neck of the Royal host sitting underneath are probably worth a Prince's ransom! Such is one phase of the incongruous character of much of the social life of native Indian courts. After all, it runs in harmony, to some extent, with tropical sights and scenes. In India we have fiercest light or blackest shadow—the brighter the glare the denser the shade. Just so, in Indian courts we find the most extravagant magnificence side by side with the meanest squalor. Many a Hindoo who breathes of garlic and revels in having plenty of assafœtida in his curry and papadams will ride in a howdah blazing with emeralds, or think it a favour conferred on him if my Lord Sahib will deign to accept as a present from him a ring with a ruby in it as big as a robin's egg! India is a land of extremes. Its wonderful beauty has about it something of the beauty of a snake—wild, thrilling, half attractive, half repulsive. It very much resembles a most holy ascetic Brahmin whom the writer once met at a famous Oriental shrine. He had no stitch of clothing on his sacred ash-streaked person, save a dirty rag round his loins. But round his throat, and pendent on his chest, lay a sparkling

necklace, which, had he chosen to sell it, would have furnished him with sufficient money to live all the remainder of his life, in case and plenty, in the cosiest Twickenham villa, or mansion of Mayfair!

When a European is honoured by the presence of a reigning native potentate at table, and the rajah relaxes himself sufficiently to partake of wine or fruit with his guest, it need hardly be remarked that it is very desirable that the guest should be able to converse in the vernacular with his host. There are, it is true, dozens of Indian chiefs, even some of the highest position in our Eastern empire, who have a considerable knowledge of English; but all the rajahs of the old school know very little of English, and feel it to be, in some degree or other, irksome to speak it. It is, however, perfectly wonderful how the chief's face lights up with pleasure when his guest addresses him fluently in his own native language, addressing him courteously with those high-sounding, harmless titles so dear to the Oriental ear. It is not book-language he appreciates; it is the common colloquial, which really the foreigner can acquire without very much difficulty if he goes the right way about it. Surely it is easier for a highly educated European to learn a Hindoo dialect than for a partially educated native to acquire such a difficult language as English? Then—although a large number of natives who have learnt English passably well prefer to speak in English when they can, to show off their erudition—most Hindoos feel, when addressed elegantly in their own tongue by a white-faced stranger, that the foreigner's speech is in itself a compliment to them, as it proves that some heart-felt interest in them and their country has induced him to study their native tongue. When a European of culture has once gained mastery over a Hindoo dialect, it is easy for him to use flowing and idiomatic Oriental phrases, which contrast very strangely with our stern, robust, and somewhat laconic modes of expression. For instance, when an Englishman who only knows English meets a native prince he would probably say, "How do you do, your Highness?" If he knew the vernacular, he might easily say, "Your Highness, it is refreshing to my eyes to see your flower-face in blossom!" "*Rājāvē, umatu malar-mugateci kun-kulira kundu, sandō-sha-padukirē.*" What is it after all? Only a rather florid compliment. But it pleases the proud and sensitive man addressed—you may make him, may be, a friend for life by some such lightly-turned phrase—and who knows but his friendship may prove of real value to you some day? There is no country in the world where politeness is more thoroughly appreciated than in India.

THE PRINCE AT A WILD ELEPHANT HUNT.

TELEGRAPHING from Mundia Ghat on Sunday, Feb. 27, the *Times* Special says:—

"The preparations made to secure sport for the Prince have been most costly, extensive, and thoughtful, and the expense to the Nepalese Government considerable, but they think that they are most amply compensated for all by the honour of entertaining the Shahzadah of England, and of welcoming such a guest within the Maharajah's dominions. There are two regiments of soldiers as guards. The Maharajah's band, too, plays every evening. All the best elephants for fighting or sporting, and an array of some 5000 camp-followers, beaters, and porters, constituting an army in itself, have been provided. There is also a field battery with the camp.

"The greatest sport enjoyed by the Prince, and which all the party shared in, was on Friday last, when a wild elephant was captured after a day's sport full of interest and hard work. The mode of taking elephants is peculiar to Nepal. Trained elephants, famous for fighting prowess, are kept on purpose, and when a herd of wild ones are marked down in the jungle hunters go out with an army of beaters on swift pad elephants and try to break up the herd or to close on them, so as to allow time for the fighting elephants to come up and engage the wild champions till they are exhausted or are hobbled with ropes as they are engaged in combat. News came that a very savage old tusker was in the woods about seven miles away, and Sir Jung Bahadur made arrangements to have him watched for the Prince of Wales, who started with Sir Jung and his suite about eight on Friday morning on horseback, and rode at first through a charming forest towards the scene of action. The path, winding under the shade of magnificent saul, peepul, and mango trees, interlaced by gigantic creepers and climbing plants, was guarded by soldiers at intervals for all the way. At ten the party, which was led by Sir Jung, riding boldly and well down the river-beds, across torrents and water-cuts, halted, and news was brought in that the old male elephant was only a few miles off, and was coming down towards the plain from the wooded hills above us. The Prince, splendidly mounted on one of Sir Jung's arabs, fortunately resolved to remain on horseback instead of getting on a pad elephant, as was proposed by Sir Jung. The fighting elephants were sent for; but the huge creatures travel slowly, and it was more than an hour before the word was given to mount. Another rattling canter brought the Prince to the wide bed of a river, in which a torrent ran over a stony bed, issuing from a wooded gorge in the mountains close at hand, and it was hoped the elephant would descend by this route and be fought with and overcome in the open. The horses were sent back the same way. The Prince took a seat on the hillside. Soldiers were sent up the ravine. In half an hour Sir Jung jumped on a man's back and was carried down the hillside and to the opposite side of the ravine to see the cause of the delay. He came back in the same way, with the news that the elephant had broken out and was coming down another ravine, which we had crossed before passing the river. Mount and away again was the order, and this time at full speed. It was wonderful how the horses kept their feet, with sudden checks at deep nullahs, filled with boulders, stumps, fallen trees, and like obstacles. The party dismounted on the side of the ravine indicated. Sir Jung was very anxious lest the elephant should come down, when, he said, no man's life would be worth a pice.

"The Prince, Lord Alfred Paget, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and others mounted one tree, where a stand was hastily made. All were obliged to take similar shelter, and there was another long wait. Messengers came in to say that the elephant had crossed higher up, and was making for a deep swamp. All descended, and the Prince and Sir Jung leading, dashed off once more, careering alongside of the pad elephants, which were being urged at full speed on the track of the runaway. In half an hour the party emerged from a wood on the plain of burnt reeds and grass, above which towered the monster elephant, his tail straight out, his proboscis curled up, running, and evidently tired. With view halloos and cheers, the horsemen pursued him, while the pad elephants came trumpeting up in the rear, the drivers standing on their backs, holding on with one hand, and beating them with sticks and mallets in the other. The wild elephant stopped short, surveyed the horsemen, and rushed at the nearest with incredible speed. 'Fly for your lives; look out for the Prince!' shouted Sir Jung; and, in a second, Prince, peer, and commoner were scouring through

the grass and reeds as fast as horses could carry them. This was repeated again and again, for the elephant's runs were short, and he gave up speedily; but he came very near Lord Suffield and Mr. Rose on one occasion, and unpleasantly near to the Prince and others also. All this time the fighting elephants were nowhere, and, in spite of all horsemen and pad elephants could do, the wild one, who had one enormous tusk and the stump only of the other, broke away into a marsh, where he was seen to lie down in a pool of water. The Prince dismounted, and with his party, waited till the fighters came up. Jung Pershaud at last appeared, advanced into the swamp, and at once engaged his enemy.

"The combat was short, for the wild one was overwhelmed, vast as he was, by the prodigious bulk of the victor in a hundred fights. He turned and fled, and Jung Pershaud could not overtake him. The pursuit on horseback was renewed, and after a most extraordinary run the wild one was driven out of a wood by volleys of bad language; principally addressed to him by Sir Jung Bahadur. The elephant then advanced into the open to engage Bijli Pershaud, the second fighting elephant, and met his conqueror. Bijli defeated him utterly, knocked him over, battered him against a tree, and, finally, so beat him over the head that he was hobbled after several attempts, and declared a prisoner. It was then discovered he had only one eye, so Jung proposed that he should be set at liberty, if the Prince wished it, after the tusk had been saved off. Finally, he was moored to a tree and his head secured, and we left him guarded by elephants at night—his tusk, a beautiful piece of ivory, being brought in and presented to the Prince at camp fire. It was dark before the Prince and party returned after a hard ride home, all agreeing that it was the best day's sport they had had in India. Sir Joseph Fayrer had a narrow escape during the run described. While at full speed in chase his horse leaped into a disused elephant-pit, ten feet deep; but, wonderful to relate, neither broke a bone, and Sir J. Fayrer saw the rest of the hunt from an elephant's back."

M. THIERS ON "L'ETRANGERE."—The *Paris Journal* gives an account of a soirée at the residence of M. Thiers one day last week, when the master of the house spoke very freely on a variety of subjects. The new drama of the *Etrangère* was talked about, and afforded M. Thiers an opportunity of expressing his opinion relative to Alexandre Dumas and his work. He said:—"For a long time I have not been to the theatre; therefore I have not seen the piece, nor shall I. . . . The theatre is in decadence. . . . I know enough of this famous work to be certain that it is both indifferent in itself and badly performed. . . . The author is a man of intellect, but of a turn of mind too fond of paradox. . . . As for Mesdames Brohan, Croizette, and Sarah Bernhardt, the persons who praise those mediocrities have not seen what I have."

A COMPLIMENT TO MR. J. FLATMAN.—"Augur," in a recent contribution to the *Sporting Life*, pays the following deserved compliment to an artist who has been connected with the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* from its commencement:—"Speaking of the future Derby and 'Guineas' naturally brings to mind the past, and with a recent visit fresh in my memory I may say that anyone desirous of seeing some really lifelike racing pictures can spend an enjoyable half-hour at Messrs. Reynolds's, in St. James's-street. Amongst the most striking water colours are those by that rising artist, Mr. John Flatman, son of the renowned 'Nat.' The portrait of Galopin, in a leading rein, is an excellent likeness of the Derby hero; while Camballo, galloping with John Osborne on his back, deserves special praise, there being no mistaking either horse or man. 'Exercising on the Straw-Bed' is also a picture of remarkable merit, and shows a practical knowledge of race-horses and racing-stables in all their details."

THE YACHT-RACING ASSOCIATION.—A general meeting of the members of the Yacht-Racing Association was held at the Langham Hotel on Tuesday, Feb. 22. The Marquis of Exeter, president of the association, who was in the chair, said it would be in their recollection that on Nov. 17, 1875, it was unanimously decided that a Yacht-Racing Association should be formed, having for its object the promotion of the interests of yacht-racing, by drawing up a code of rules which would meet the views of the various yacht clubs; the determining and settling of such questions and disputes relating to yacht-racing as might be referred to it for decision; and other matters. For this purpose a committee of twenty-four members were chosen, who, after electing a president, vice-president, and secretary, proceeded, in accordance with their instructions, to prepare a code of sailing rules. The committee generally adhered to the rules at present in force, and had not attempted to disturb any rules which had been found to work well and were universally understood. Since the new rules were sent to members a few alterations had suggested themselves to the committee. The scale of time allowance referred to in Rule 4 was the Royal Yacht Squadron scale, which was based on the principle of a yacht of 30 tons, being able to allow one of 20 tons 1 sec per mile over a course of fifty miles. The scale had not yet been printed, as some corrections were necessary in the calculations and figures, which had not yet been made owing to lack of time; but it was not considered desirable by the council to delay the rules for this. The time allowance would, however, be quite ready in the course of the next fortnight. They considered it to be of great importance that the new rules should be brought under the notice of the various yacht clubs as early as possible, with the view to their adoption this year. With regard to the measurement of yachts, it was thought desirable to appoint one measurer only for the entire kingdom, whose duties would be to visit the various ports for the purpose of measuring yachts. He would be provided with accurate measuring tools and all requisites for carrying out his duties. The rules were received with expressions of satisfaction, and then considered seriatim; the only alteration of importance made referred to the measurement of yachts. In conclusion, a vote of thanks was passed to the committee for the excellent code of rules they had drawn up; and a vote of thanks was passed to the Marquis of Exeter for his unremitting attention as president.

TATTERSALL'S RING AT NEWMARKET.—The annual subscription of ten guineas to Tattersall's Ring will, on presentation of their badges, ensure free ingress to the public portion of the new Grand Stand, which includes the outer ring. The same privilege will also extend to the weekly subscribers of two guineas, whether members of Tattersall's or others; but, inasmuch as badges will be supplied to annual subscribers, the weekly members will be called upon to show the secretary's receipt. Non-members of Tattersall's, before being able to subscribe, will require to be proposed and seconded by two actual members. Intending annual subscribers will do well to send in their subscriptions to Mr. R. R. Christophers secretary, Tattersall's, at their earliest convenience.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Advt.]

AMERICAN SPORT.

The trial of walking ability in which a couple of Chicago Westons engaged recently, under the management of Daniel O'Leary, is given in the subjoined telegram to the *New York Clipper*:—"The walking-match which has been in progress here since Monday morning (Jan. 31), at 10.40, between Miss Bertha von Hillern, of Germany, and Mrs. Mary Marshall, of this city, terminated at 10.40 on Saturday night, Feb. 5, Mrs. Marshall having made 234 miles, and Miss von Hillern 231. The original intention was to walk 300 miles for a purse of 500 dols, but neither was able to make the distance on account of great exhaustion."

PERKINS'S reasonable answer to O'Leary's acceptance of his challenge does not appear to have been most graciously received by the latter. Said Perkins, indicating his willingness to walk O'Leary for one hundred miles, if certain terms could be arranged—"With regard to the first match taking place in America, Perkins thinks it would be only just that he should receive £25 out of the stakes, and if O'Leary walks the first match in England he should receive the same amount, for if Perkins has to go to America first he has the disadvantage of two voyages and other risks to run to O'Leary's one; and the same with O'Leary if he should come to England to walk the first match. Perkins will write out articles and forward them to America as soon as he can find a suitable place he can make sure of engaging, and will cover the deposit left at *Bell's Life* as soon as preliminaries can be arranged. Hoping that O'Leary will allow reasonable time for the matches to take place, and thanking him for his kind offer to meet us (I and my backers) and see us into comfortable quarters, I shall be only too pleased to do the same unto him, providing he comes to England." To this O'Leary replied under date of Feb. 8:—"There does not seem to be at the English end of this match as much eagerness to settle all preliminaries as we had been led to expect. Nine or ten days after my letter and money reached England he publishes this somewhat evasive answer, and does not, as yet, cover my deposit. . . . Wishing to allow Mr. Perkins the advantage of his own popularity at home, I offered to give him all the English gate-money and take all the American myself. I will divide even with him on each match, or, if he is willing, I will let the winner have all. I am not looking for gate-money, but for a walking-match. I will not give him £25 or one penny to come here first. Such a proposition is unheard of in a home-and-home match. He offered to come, now let him come like a man. It is as far from New York to London as from London to New York. I will allow any reasonable time for the matches, and if the American match is put off until the latter part of April we can no doubt secure the New York Hippodrome, the best building in America for such a match. When we walk in a building where it will be necessary to build tracks, I shall insist upon each man having a separate track, for in that way there is no possible chance for a foul or interference, and each man can do his 'level best' without any annoyance or interruption. . . . I hope Mr. Perkins will not allow himself or his friends to be deluded by any idea that, because I am annoyed at the doubts expressed about my time record, I am 'hot' enough to make any foolish or one-sided match with him, which is a very different thing from repeating my time record. I am now making a match with the best walker England ever had, and I will not give him one second, or one inch, or one penny to which he is not justly entitled, for I thoroughly appreciate the task before me. I will walk him a hundred-mile match in this country, each man on a separate track, and every arrangement in accordance with our customs here, and will try my best to make him believe I can walk a hundred miles in 18h 53m 40s. Then I will walk him a hundred-mile match in England, in a building, on turf, or on a cinder-path, just as he pleases, and will conform in every detail to the customs of that country. I wish to prove who is the best walker. I do not intend to jockey, and will not submit to be jockeyed, even in the smallest particular. I trust Mr. Perkins will put up his money, forward to me fair and just articles of agreement, and settle these matches immediately. If we are to go on corresponding through the newspapers, with a month's interval between proposition and answer, we shall never have done; and I would suggest that, from the numerous Englishmen resident in this country, Mr. Perkins select one, and authorise him to settle all the details of these matches."

The annual meeting of the Savannah Jockey Club began on Feb. 1, and extended over four days. The weather up to twelve o'clock was warm and pleasant, but at two, when the horses were called out, it began drizzling rain, which continued throughout the day. The attendance was very good, considering the weather, there being a number of the fair sex present, who seemed to take a lively interest in the merits and performances of the different horses.

The *New York Sportsman* describes a fifty-mile skating-match which took place at Chicago on Wednesday night, the 2nd of February:—

EXPOSITION SKATING-RINK, Feb. 2, 1876.—Eugene St. Clair Millard against H. C. Freese; fifty miles; track, 575ft sin, measured 3ft from the ropes; skater actually skated about 5ft out on the corners.

Millard, who figures in the *Clipper* almanack under his middle name, St. Clair, is a small, hurdy man, suitably dressed and well managed; evidently an old hand at the business, and an unusually easy skater. He skated the whole fifty miles without any stop, drinking a gill of hot chocolate every three or four miles, sucking a lemon occasionally, and munching a few crackers on the forty-first mile.

Freese is a tall, slim youngster, attired in a naval uniform profusely ornamented with gold lace and medals, and was previously unknown to fame as a skater. The score shows that he has mistaken his vocation.

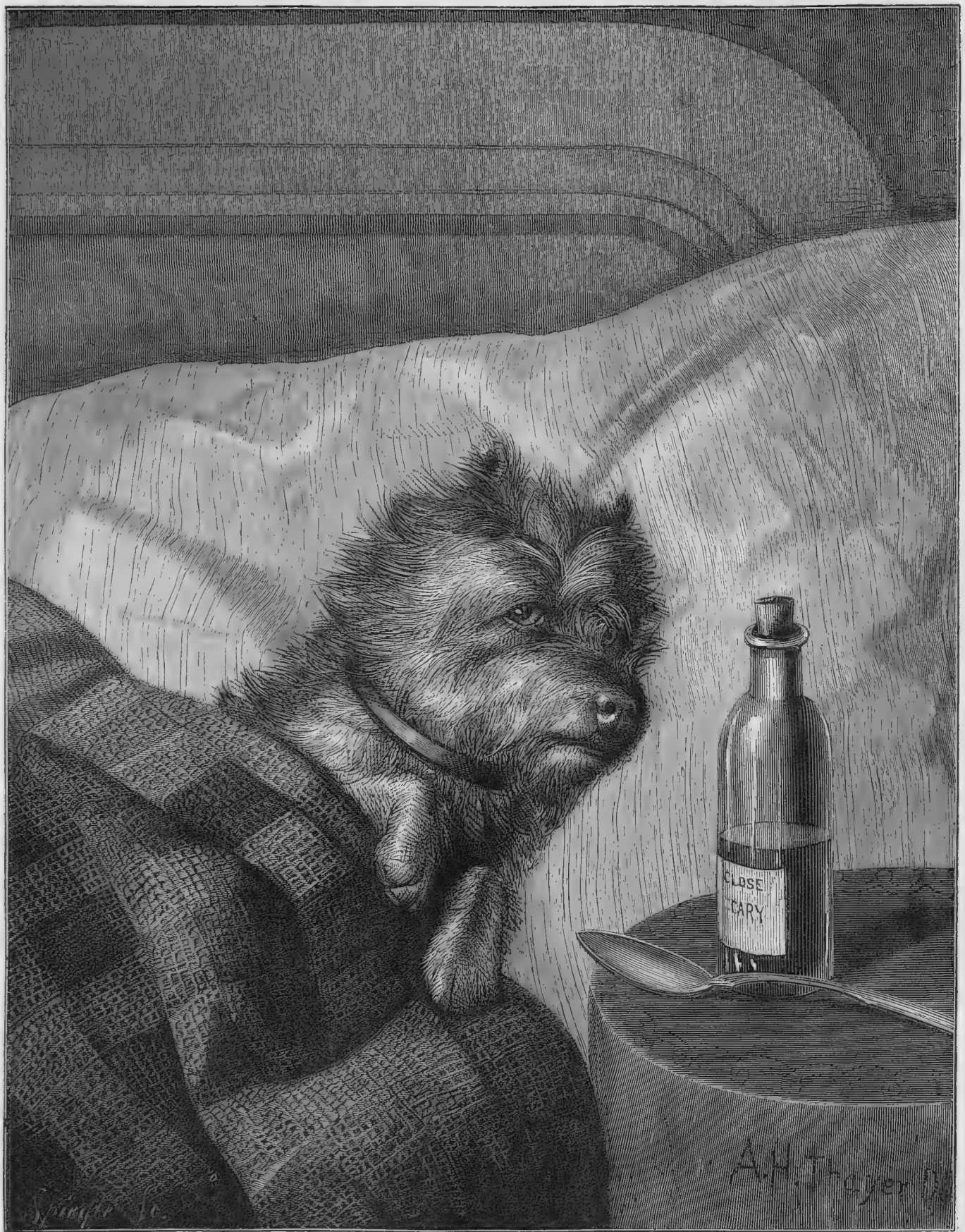
Two independent tally-sheets were kept—by John Louis for Freese, and by H. C. Thatcher for Millard. Times taken by the referee.

MILLARD.				FREESE.			
Miles.	Time.	Total.	Time.	Miles.	Time.	Total.	Time.
1	5.57	4.57	5.44	26	6.11	2.20.20	7.44
2	5.14	10.11	5.31	27	6.08	2.26.28	7.54
3	5.05	15.16	5.12	28	6.06	2.32.34	8.04
4	5.39	20.55	5.36	29	6.17	2.38.51	8.14
5	5.59	26.45	5.50	30	5.49	2.44.40	8.24
6	5.47	31.32	5.40	31	5.52	2.50.32	8.34
7	5.09	36.41	5.47	32	6.20	2.56.52	8.44
8	5.22	41.63	5.22	33	6.17	3.02.30	8.54
9	5.32	47.35	5.32	34	6.13	3.08.43	9.04
10	5.07	52.42	5.07	35	5.43	3.14.26	9.14
11	5.45	58.27	5.45	36	6.13	3.20.39	9.24
12	6.00	1.04.27	6.00	37	6.45	3.26.39	9.34
13	5.48	1.10.15	5.48	38	5.55	3.32.34	9.44
14	5.21	1.15.36	5.21	39	6.27	3.38.50	9.54
15	5.34	1.21.10	5.34	40	6.05	3.44.55	10.04
16	5.10	1.26.50	5.10	41	6.15	3.51.10	10.14
17	6.05	1.32.55	6.05	42	5.58	3.57.08	10.24
18	5.43	1.38.41	5.43	43	5.59	4.03.07	10.34
19	6.13	1.44.07	6.13	44	5.58	4.09.05	10.44
20	6.23	1.51.20	6.23	45	5.55	4.15.00	10.54
21	6.05	1.57.25	6.05	46	5.19	4.20.52	11.04
22	6.43	2.04.08	6.43	47	6.11	4.26.53	11.14
23	6.22	2.10.30	6.22	48	6.05	4.32.58	11.24
24	6.07	2.16.37	6.07	49	6.29	4.39.27	11.34
25	6.32	2.22.09	6.32	50	6.04	4.45.31	11.44

* Is a stop for Freese.

W. B. C. for Freese.

ROWLANDS' EUKONIA is a new and fragrant powder for the face and skin, and is specially recommended to ladies: 3s. per box. Rowlands' Odonto whitens the teeth and prevents their decay. Rowlands' Mucous Oil preserves, strengthens, and beautifies the human hair. Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers.—[Adv.]



SHAMMING SICK



WHO SAID "RATS"?

Shooting Notes.

MR. CHAPLIN, M.P., AND WILDFOWL PRESERVATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Mr. Chaplin's new "fad" was "talked out" of the House of Commons last week, in the interest of game-preservers in general and sportsmen in particular this measure still calls for some remarks at our hands. In legal language wildfowl were anciently termed *Aluminea volucres*, and, Heaven knows, were amply looked after as far as protective legislation was concerned. Therefore, before we discuss the terms of the Lincolnshire M.P.'s proposed bill for the further protection of wildfowl, let us inquire what measures have previously been enacted with the same praiseworthy object, as he sets forth in his preamble, and which measures it was afterwards found expedient to repeal:—

"Wildfowl were formerly considered game, and are distinctly enumerated as such in the preamble to the statute 2nd Jac. I., cap. 27; but, according to the present laws, they are not within the prescribed definition of the term 'game': they are, nevertheless, recognised by law as creatures of value. There is no lack of precedents in the earliest volumes of the statute-book of laws specially framed for the preservation of wildfowl and the prevention of their destruction. This recognition of the law in favour of the sport of wildfowling is confirmed by several subsequent Acts of Parliament, extending over three centuries. The strictest of those laws were enacted in years long since past, when falconry was the prevailing recreation in the country, and hawking by the brook side the favourite diversion of every nobleman in the land.

"The first trace which appears, in the nature of a law affecting wildfowl, relates as far back as the year 1209, when a proclamation was issued by King John, forbidding the taking of wildfowl, by any means, in England. Holinshed assigns as a reason for this proclamation that the King, going in progress about the tenth year of his reign, and finding little or no game wherewith to solace himself or exercise his falcons, and being at 'Bristol' in the Christmas ensuing, he restrained all manner of hawking or taking wildfowl throughout England for a season, 'whereby the land within few years was thoroughly replenished again.'

"By the 13th Rich. II., stat. 1, cap. 13, laymen who were not possessed of 40s. a year freehold, and clergy of 40s. a year, were prohibited from keeping dogs, or using ferrets, hays, nets, cords, or other engines, for taking deer, hares, coney, or other gentlemen's game, on pain of one year's imprisonment. It is conceived that wildfowl were at that period within the ancient definition of 'other gentlemen's game.'

"The first statute ever passed in England specially affecting the sport of wildfowling was that of 25 Hen. VIII., C. 11, 'An Act against the Destruction of Wildfowl.' In the preamble of that statute it is stated that, whereas before that time there had been plenty of wildfowl—as ducks, mallards, widgeons, teals, wildgeese, and divers other kinds of wildfowl—whereby not only the King's most honourable household but also the houses of noblemen and prelates of the realm had been supplied with them at convenient prices, and also the markets were sufficiently furnished with wildfowl; nevertheless, divers persons next inhabiting in the counties and places within the realm where the same wildfowl had been accustomed to breed in the summer season, at such time as the old fowl were moulted and unable to fly, nor the young fowl fully feathered, had, by certain nets and other engines and policies, yearly taken great numbers of the same fowl, in such wise that the breed of wildfowl was thereby almost wasted and consumed, and was likely daily to become more wasted and consumed, if remedy was not therefore provided. By section 2 it was enacted that it should not be lawful for any person, at any time between the last day of May and the last day of August, to take wildfowl with nets or other engines, upon pain of one year's imprisonment, and a forfeit for every fowl so taken of the sum of fourpence. Section 3 gave power to justices to hear and determine offences. Section 4 provided that it should be lawful for any gentleman, or any other person who had a 40s. freehold, to hunt and take wildfowl with a spaniel, but without using any net or other engine for the same, except a longbow. Section 5 prohibited the taking of the eggs of wildfowl, by day or night, between March 1 and the last day of June, under pain of one year's imprisonment, and the penalties of twentypence for every egg of any crane or bustard, eightpence for every egg of any bittern, heron, or shoveller, and one penny for every egg of any mallard, teal, or other wildfowl.

"It appears, however, that this statute was found to be oppressive; and a part of it was repealed by the 3rd and 4th Ed. VI., cap. 7, in the preamble of which it is stated (after briefly reciting the former statute) that, forasmuch as the occasion for passing the previous statute appeared to have arisen out of a private case, and that no manner of common commodity was perceived to have grown of the same, it being proved by daily experience that there had since been less fowl brought into the markets than there was before the making of the said act; which was taken to come of the punishment of God, whose benefit was thereby taken away from the poor people, that were wont to live by their skill in taking the said fowl, whereby they were wont at that time to sustain themselves and their poor households, to the great saving of other kinds of victual; of which aid they were then destitute, to their great and extreme impoverishing, especially of such as had their habitations near the fens; therefore the whole of the former statute was repealed, except the section which prohibited any person from destroying or taking away the eggs of wildfowl.

"By the 2nd Jas. I., cap. 27, in the preamble, herons, mallards, and such like are distinctly recognised as game; and after stating that the game therein enumerated having been 'more excessively and outrageously spoiled and destroyed than hath been in former ages, especially by the vulgar sort, and men of small worth making a trade and living of the spoiling and destroying of the said game,' who are not of sufficient substance to pay the penalties imposed by the statutes, or to answer the costs and charges of a prosecution against them; by reason whereof, few suits had been attempted upon the said laws, and thereby there was great scarcity of game throughout the realm; it was therefore enacted that no person should shoot at, kill, take, or destroy any of the game therein enumerated, under certain pains and penalties. A proviso follows authorising qualified persons to take pheasants and partridges at certain seasons of the year with nets only; but there is no proviso regarding wildfowl or any other of the species enumerated as game.

"By a very oppressive statute—4th and 5th W. and M., cap. 23—any person having game, &c. (wildfowl included), in his possession, and not being able to give a satisfactory account of the manner in which he obtained it, was liable, on conviction, to a fine not exceeding 20s., and not less than 5s., for every bird; and in default of payment or a sufficient distress, to be committed to prison for a term not exceeding one month, and not less than ten days, and there to be whipped and kept to hard labour.

"By the same statute, unqualified persons having, keeping, or using dogs, ferrets, bows, nets, or snares for taking game, fowl, &c., were liable to the like pains and penalties.

"In a subsequent reign (9th Anne, cap. 25) it was considered necessary to revive some of the provisions of the original statute by reason of the immense destruction of wildfowl, by driving them into hays, tunnels, and other nets, during the moulting season, and at a time of year when the flesh of the fowl 'is unsavoury and unwholesome, to the prejudice of those that buy them, and to the great damage and decay of the breed of wildfowl.' It was, therefore, enacted that if any person should, between July 1 and Sept. 1, 'by hays, tunnels, or other nets, drive and take any wild-duck, teal, widgeon, or any other fowl commonly reputed water-fowl, in any of the fens, lakes, broad waters, or other places of resort for wildfowl in the moulting season,' such person, on conviction, should forfeit five shillings for each bird so taken; and the hays, tunnels, and nets used in taking such wildfowl were to be seized, and destroyed in the presence of the justice before whom the party was convicted.

The 10th Geo. II., cap. 32, recites that the said Act of Queen Anne had been found ineffectual, by reason of the wildfowl beginning to moult before July 1, and that they had not done moulting by Sept. 1; the time was, therefore, extended to between June 1 and Oct. 1.

The foregoing is a *precis* of the laws which formerly were enacted for the preservation of wildfowl, and which were afterwards repealed. We give our readers also a resumé of the measures which are now in force, and of the existence of which Mr. Chaplin, M.P., is apparently ignorant:—

LAWS NOW IN FORCE.

Wildfowl.—As the law at present stands, no certificate is required to kill wildfowl, whether in a decoy or elsewhere; but no person is allowed to shoot wildfowl so near to an old-established decoy as to disturb it, or prevent wildfowl from resorting there; nor may any person kill wildfowl on private property, without leave of the owner or the person legally authorised to give permission.

Snipes and Woodcocks.—By the 52nd Geo. III., cap. 93, any person using a dog and gun for the purpose of shooting or killing snipes or woodcocks is liable to, and must obtain, a game-certificate. This enactment is still in force. But snipes and woodcocks may be taken with nets or springs by persons who have not obtained a game-certificate, such methods of fowling being specially exempted from game-duties by the same statute.

Wildfowl, Snipes, and Woodcocks are not Game.—Neither wildfowl, snipes, nor woodcocks are game. The statute 9th Geo. IV., cap. 69, sec. 13, defines the species of all birds that are, by law, considered game. The Game Act of 1st and 2nd Wm. IV., cap. 32, specifies the same creatures to be game as the former statute of 9th Geo. IV.

Killing Wildfowl, &c., on a Sunday.—Sec. 3 of this statute (1st and 2nd Wm. IV., cap. 32) prohibits, under certain penalties, the killing of game of all kinds, and bustards, on a Sunday or Christmas Day; but it does not mention wildfowl, woodcocks, or snipes; consequently, persons shooting such birds on those days are not liable to the penalties imposed by this section of the Act.

Tenant's Rights.—Where the landlord reserves to himself simply the right to kill the game, the tenant may kill snipes and woodcocks, as well as quails, landrails, rabbits, &c. But if the tenant, not having the right to kill game on the occupation, gives leave to a stranger to kill snipes, woodcocks, &c., the stranger will do so at his peril: if he acts on the tenant's leave, he will be liable to a penalty, and, in default of payment, to imprisonment. The tenant, however, may *bonâ fide* employ his servants to kill them.

Trespassers.—Persons (not having game-certificates) trespassing, by day, in search of snipes or woodcocks, are liable to a fine not exceeding 42s.; and if such persons trespass, together to the number of five or more, they are liable to a penalty not exceeding 45s. each person. Wildfowl are not within the pale of this law: but trespassers in pursuit of wildfowl, by breaking and entering another's land without lawful authority, would be liable for an ordinary trespass; and, if no other damage could be assigned, the treading down and bruising the herbage would be sufficient.

Penalties and Exemptions.—A person liable under sec. 30 to the 45s. penalty for killing game without a certificate is not liable for killing woodcocks or snipes; but he is liable to the 420s. penalty under the 52nd Geo. III., cap. 93, and also to the further duty charged on a game-certificate. The latter penalty and duty are expressly referred to in sec. 23 of the statute 1st and 2nd Wm. IV., cap. 32, which enacts that the present statute is not to affect the existing laws as to game-certificates.

Eggs of Wildfowl, Penalty for taking or destroying.—By 1st and 2nd Wm. IV., cap. 32, sec. 24, it is enacted, "That if any person not having the right of killing the game upon any land, nor having permission from the person having such right, shall wilfully take out of the nest or destroy in the nest upon such land the eggs of any swan, wild-duck, teal, or widgeon; or shall knowingly have in his house, shop, possession, or control any such eggs so taken, every such person shall, on conviction thereof before two justices of the peace, forfeit and pay for every egg so taken or destroyed, or so found in his house, shop, possession, or control, such a sum of money, not exceeding 5s., as to the said justices shall seem meet, together with the costs of the conviction."

Now Mr. Chaplin's "Bill" simply proposes to "enact" all the statutes over again, and to have a "close time" when "flappers" (the young of the wild duck) and other young birds already protected. As to "flappers," if not killed then they would be at some other time; and, as it is, any sportsman "trespassing" in pursuit of such birds renders himself liable to an action for so doing; therefore it is quite clear that where the occupier of the soil wishes to preserve wildfowl, he can do so in the ordinary way—by employing keepers. A hasty Act of Parliament (chiefly at the instigation of a "parson" residing inland and calling himself "a naturalist") was passed for the preservation of sea-birds—meaning worthless gulls, *et id hoc*—in 1872. The Government, and those interested in salmon and trout preservation, loudly declaimed against an arbitrary measure which meant preserving the robbers of young salmon and trout; but their experience was set at naught, and we know with what deplorable results to valuable salmon rivers. The thousands of sportsmen cruising round our coasts in yachts and boats in summer weather are also debarred from "having a crack" at the useless and cormorant-like gulls and puffins to while away the time "between tacks." Now Mr. Chaplin steps in to put a stop to killing a few "flappers" (presumably in Lincolnshire), and by-and-by somebody else will step in and put a stop to "pigeon-shooting," and then good-by to the gunmakers' trade and the sportsman's occupation. As we have shown now that Mr. Chaplin's views on "wildfowl preservation" are (something like his ideas on "horse supply") "fine things vainly invented," and grounded upon no warranty whatever, let us hope that we shall hear no more about them.

"A GUNNER" (House of Commons).

PATHETICS OF THE PIT.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

THERE are numerous books and pamphlets, and articles in encyclopedias and periodical publications, wherein may be found analyses of the reason why the sight of tragic actions delight the human heart. No matter what my powers may be, and if I am to live at peace with my fellow-man he had better not call them in question; it is no part of my intention to re-harsh others' joints, or invent a joint of my own for the sustentation of the public knowledge in this regard. I speculate in no such broad field; I generalise not to the uttermost limits of mankind, but keep to my Pit. In this paper, men of experience and taste deal with the region behind the bulwark of the orchestra; but I have no direct traffic with the stage. I am merely, if something seeming a pun may be tolerated, a *Pittore* of events and emotions among the audience. Therefore, should the reader look to me for any "sweetness and light" concerning the performance he will have an uneventful watch, with no need in all his time once to call, "A Sail!" These are my premises, coming, like a bull, rather late in the argument; but once having set them conspicuously in view, my fellow-man, as far as herein tasting, must remain content, or pass away, please.

On Monday evening, at fifty minutes after six, I found myself outside the Lyceum. I had been squaring my shoulders the whole way of my walk to the theatre as a preparation for a violent crush, and found somewhat to my disappointment that my training was wasted, there being no necessity for the exercise of its result.

I do not claim to be a man of the most self-denying nature, but I cannot help now paying myself a graceful tribute for having resisted two cherished impulses arising in the vestibule of the theatre. The former being to buy at the cost of two-pence a copy of the play from an enthusiastic and most passionately pertinacious venter, and the second to do grievous bodily harm to the enthusiastic and passionately pertinacious venter aforesaid. It was only upon my taking this man into my confidence, and telling him I knew all the play by heart and needed only the songs and music, that I succeeded in abashing him and cooling the ardour of his advances. The spectacle of any human being who in his presence admitted a want, and admitted it without exhortation to confess at once, appalled and repelled him.

I got a comparatively good seat on the left-hand side, and about half-way between the door and the stage, well under the overhanging shelf of the dress-circle. It always seems to me that if I were insured in an accidental insurance company, and got killed by an opera-glass falling on my head from the second tier, my heirs would in justice be obliged to leave unclaimed the amount of my policy, on the grounds of my contributory negligence. As a matter of fact, I do not happen to be assured in any accidental company, but, notwithstanding this, I have a most potent, grave, and reverend objection to sitting under the line of fire.

The Lyceum Pit was the best I have yet seen. It was soberly faced, soberly dressed, and soberly mannered. It was not a gallery putting on airs and squandering an extra shilling for effect, or to treat a "lady friend" or sweetheart. It was essentially a feminine Pit and a married Pit. The men were staid and the women demure, and there were almost as many women as men. I should estimate its average age at forty, its average income at one hundred and sixty pounds a year. Its average man I judged to be a reader of unobjectionable penny weekly papers, its average woman a student of the *Family Herald* or the *Young Ladies' Journal*. Most of the men looked like artisans, overseers of warehouse workmen, gas-fitters, and small tradesmen. The women I considered could cook for their household with their own hands, as in patriarchal days. It was the evenest Pit I ever saw, and there hung around it a certain common air, and common intelligence, and commonality of hopes and faiths which made it more like a small isolated tribe than a fortuitous concourse of atoms. All this spoke to me of the width of base upon which Shakespeare's fame rests, people had come to see one of his plays, well knowing his name, and had not accidentally selected the Lyceum because there was an actor of renown performing there.

Othello was preceded by *Simpson and Co.*, during which the audience around me laughed a good deal at certain jokes and gravities that left my better-seasoned countenance unruffled, save now and then for surprise.

In front of me sat a tall, dingy-complexioned, brown-eyed, ragged-haired young man. Although his hair was black he looked a Hamlet, "a sad-mannered gentleman." With him, and on my right, was a broad-shouldered, well-conditioned, gentle-looking young woman, bearing on the third finger of her left hand a slender gold hoop below a broad ornamental band. She had a light-blue grey hat, with a deep purple bow at the side. Suspended from a thin gold chain, and immediately in the hollow of her neck, rested a modest little locket. Beneath this and about a finger's depth down, the dress was open, but no wider than a laurel leaf, and this small offering at the shrine of "dress" was spanned by two cloudlets of lace or gauze, for I am little skilled in such distinctions. There was that large and placid contentment in her look which is never to be seen in the human face at any other time than on a woman's between the putting on of the plain gold hoop and the coming of maternal cares. It may be said there is a look of calmer rapture on the face of a mother gazing at her child. To me there always seems deep down in the love of every mother a terrible agony. When I see a woman holding her child and yearning over it, I always hear her cry out in her heart, "Oh, who shall separate us?" knowing that separation must come.

On the left of the newly-married man sat a youth of about seventeen firsts of April. I am quite prepared to answer for him that he meant no offence to anyone by being alive; still, he seemed steeped in an inexhaustible current of apologetic humility for it. If he had an ambition it was that no one should ever see him; if he had a hope it was that at some time he might be fated to become a saint and inhabit a desert all to himself. The most conclusive proof of his utter inability to herd with his fellow-creatures, to penetrate the fountains of human action, to find the connection between human words and human seeming and deeds, was afforded by his careful perusal of the twopenny copy of *Othello* during *Simpson and Co.*, and his placid satisfaction with the result. Notwithstanding all which he was rather good-looking, and wore a decent hat.

On Monday night the feeling of the Pit plainly was that it attended a semi-religious rite. They had come, not so much to see a play as to witness the sacrifice of a victim. An average Pit sees man murder man with lively relish, and drinks its stout and eats its bread and bacon with interest the while; but the murder of a pure and loyal bride at the hands of a noble and doating husband partakes of the nature of an offering on the altar of unfathomable fate. *Romeo and Juliet* is a purely human play compared to *Othello*. In the latter there is the dark man, his fierce, bold nature; her sweet, heart-breaking, tender despair; and behind and above and around

all the malign influence of inexorable Destiny—for as such, and as such only, did the people regard Iago. On Monday night I particularly noticed that the women near me scarcely attended to Iago when he was alone. They cared nothing for his personal plots and plans, they did not even heed his details of how he should compass his revenge. If they were to speak when the curtain went down they would not shout, "Justice! Away with Iago!" But they would bend their heads and, striking their breasts, pray, "Be merciful unto us!" Iago is to them neither a traitor nor a villain, but an abstraction made to manifest and expound itself. Perhaps the new reading of the character had something to do with this; as it was played, the evil seemed pushed upon Iago from behind.

Between the second and third acts there was an important exodus towards the bar, and for a while I was left in solitude—that is, if solitude may be said to exist where there is no representative of your race within arm's length.

During the course of the play, so far, I had observed a neat device of the couple under me; and, as I am always inclined to foster affection, even between man and wife, and always pleased to see signs of it and to encourage it, I give the device, and hope it may prove useful. It was of the woman's invention. At first the man's hat, a chimney-pot one, had been where such a weapon is most obnoxious to taste and decent regard to health—namely, on his head. When the drop-scene went up it was deposed and placed mouth up between the legs of the man. From this it was rescued by his wife, who held it a short time crown upwards on her lap. Then, there being much talk of married troubles and jealousies and hardships of love, she shifted the hat to the border-land between them, and, concealing her hand beneath it, rested her eyes with fixed attention on the stage. As you may understand, it was almost impossible to perform the manoeuvre without jogging his elbow slightly. This drew his attention to the hat, and, with a slow, steady movement, he stole his hand after hers under the hat, and there the two hands remained for some time.

With respect to the bearing and manner at the theatre of people, say, three months married, I have some intelligence. The man faces the stage fully, sits bolt upright, gives great attention to the play, and asserts the recovery of his manhood after the slavery of courtship. The play is the theme; his wife the incident. The woman leans rather towards him; does not seem to care much if their shoulders do touch; has no fear of her affection being observed; gives a well-pleased, half-amused attention to the stage, and asserts her wifehood by a prodigal display of her left hand. Her husband is the theme, the play the incident. Treated as history, he considers the visit thus: "I went to the play last night, and took my wife with me." She treats it as history thus: "We went to the play last night."

In the two succeeding acts the attention of the Pit remained fairly good; in the last there were signs of impatience. The boy on the left had now been beguiled of his book and was gazing fixedly on the stage. The woman in front was weeping copiously; a few behind were tittering. Suddenly, from the rear a low voice whispered, while Othello was looking at his sleeping wife, "It's all — rot!" followed by a local laugh. There was something so peculiarly injured in the tone that but one conclusion could be drawn from it. The man had come, paid his money, sat out the play patiently and impartially, and, in the end, found that he had been betrayed. I'll stake my life upon it the speaker of this brief but powerful criticism will never alter his mind or forget his opinion. There was tragic depth in his voice, and grief profoundly touching.

For one thing a section of the Pit seemed grateful—to wit, the peculiarly energetic action of Othello and his extraordinary voice. In many pathetic scenes it took their minds off gruesome things, and relieved the dull monotony of the sorrow.

R. D.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE declines to again grant the use of the race-ground for the Eastbourne Hunt Meeting, and has also intimated his intention of withholding his annual cup prize, the reason assigned being that the meeting, which was started to afford healthy local sport, has lapsed into a professional race gathering.

PEDESTRIANISM.—HAZEL V. TIME.—Since that memorable Good Friday in 1863, when Deerfoot, at the Old Brompton Grounds, accomplished ten miles in the unprecedented time of 51min 26sec, no runner has as yet rivalled this extraordinary performance. George Hazel, the ten-miles champion, has at length, for a bet of £30 to £20, undertaken to surpass this marvellous feat; and on Monday next his attempt will be made, at the Lillie-bridge Grounds, West Brompton. He starts punctually at 3.45 p.m.

SPORT AT CAIRO.—A favourite resort of foreign visitors to Cairo is Helouan, a sanitarium situate on an oasis in the desert about five hours' drive from the capital. Helouan is said to be a very healthy place, but not quite so lively as Tunbridge Wells. It consists of one house. There are no amusements except a hyæna, perpetually retained upon the strength of the establishment, in consideration of his long and valuable services. When entirely out of range, he freely allows the sportive stranger to shoot at him. Baron H—W—s sits up all night, and every night, with a double gun, for the twin purposes of potting the hyæna and of having an unanswerable excuse for lying in bed all day—quite the pleasantest way of passing one's time at Helouan. The hyæna has never shown but once, when, having privately ascertained that the Baron's gun was not cocked, he sauntered up and howled derisively. By the time the Baron had realised the astonishing circumstance of the hyæna's presence in the flesh, and had taken measures accordingly, the latter was sweetly smiling on the other side of the desert. This is a very wily old animal, universally respected; and there is much sport of the above description to be got out of him. Talking of sport, three Englishmen made a rather good bag the other day near Gagazig—139 head of wild duck and over 100 snipe. Quail are just coming in; a fortnight hence they will be a drug in the market. Snipe may be shot any afternoon within half an hour's distance of Cairo itself.

NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MUSIC.—The following is a list of the successful candidates at the recent examinations at South Kensington for scholarships in the National Training School for Music:—Scholarships: Miss Benard, Miss Bradwen, Miss C. Davis, Miss Heale, Miss Hughes, Mr. R. Jefford, Miss Riley, Miss Sturmfels, Miss E. Turner, Miss Wardroper. The following is a list, in order of merit, of candidates reported by the examiners as qualified for scholarships had they had more to award: 1, Mr. Alcock; 2, Miss Twist; 3, Miss Akroyd; 4, Mr. Mull; 5, Miss Westmacott; 6, Mr. Dove; 7, Miss Warman; 8, Miss Brickwell.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retailled everywhere.—[Advrt.]

POETS AND PLAYERS IN THE DAYS OF SHAKSPEARE.

ANOTHER STROLL ON THE BANKSIDE.

PART I.

"There were giants in those days."

In the article on page 384 of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, "A Stroll on the Bankside," we described the first playhouses and playgoers, with the popular sports and pastimes of which that locality was the scene in the days of Shakspeare. Let us now resume that "Stroll," and, recalling the scenes we then visited, get some stray glimpses of the old playwrights and players who lived on the Bankside with Shakspeare and were his friends and companions.

The old poets and players of Southwark grew prosperous as they grew popular. Their expenses were light, their patrons liberal, and, if we except the puritanical citizens, all classes were eager to do them honour. Kempe tells how, when two Cambridge students became apprentices or pupils to himself and the famous actor Burbage, he said to them, "Be merry, lads! You have happened upon the most excellent vocation in the world for money; they come north and south to bring it to our playhouse." Mr. J. Payne Collier, in his "Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakspeare," shows very clearly that the larger number of them were regarded in their day as thriving, money-making men. They were respected when they were respectable—as Alleyn, Burbage, Shakspeare, Jonson, and others were—and died rich when they were prudent. When they were imprudent they, of course, grew poor; and often, as Decker did, found their way through debt into prison. Where they had sown in recklessness and dissipation they reaped in poverty and misery; and they died dishonoured and unregarded only when they had personally ceased to be worthy of either regard or honour, as Robert Greene died.

And the lads were merry, too; good and bad, prudent and extravagant, they were all alike in that. Who has not read of their gay doings at the Falcon Tavern, on the Bankside (see sketch on page 383); at the Mermaid or the Devil, in Fleet-street; and many other then famous taverns? They were genial boon companions over the bowl, and not less so in dividing the good things their united talents won, honestly and impartially. Each took a share, fairly and duly proportioned to his position and merits as a mere player, or poet, or player and poet combined. They helped each other in distress, supported the widowed and fatherless of their fraternity, and were trusty friends.

We know they had their jealousies and animosities, most men do, suffered disappointment and grew bitter—saw others succeed where they had failed, and were envious—said in their anger sharp and spiteful things, quarrelled in their cups, drew upon and shed each other's blood, fighting bravely and taking their punishment manfully. We glean so much from varied fragmentary records of their time, and more.

Proceeding from sharp swords to sharper words, they caricatured each other in their plays, and, seeing in the laughter that ensued the folly of ill-nature, became friends again, grasping each other's right hands firmly, and singing each other's praises in new songs over old wines amidst much laughing and wagging of beards; burying all animosities in a rouse (a large glass used for health-drinking), and erecting monuments of mutual admiration.

Fighting was fashionable then, and no one was shocked by it. Amongst enemies it was deadly and bitter enough, but amongst friends and companions it was little worse than a rough, ready, and effective way of settling disputes, or testing manhood, courage, quality, and power. Neither the words nor the weapons were poisoned, and when Master Henslowe, or Hinchlow, familiarly called "daddy," once had occasion to write in sadness "I have lost one of my company, that is Gabrell, for he is slayen in Hogesden (Hoxton) fields, by the hands of Benjemen Jonson, bricklayer," we feel sure that the death was given unintentionally by hot-tempered Ben, for he was soon after released from prison and the crime consequently pardoned. It was in these wit and weapon combats that every man came forth and was known in his humour or essence, and not merely extraneously. The passions are unmistakable demonstrators, and the fighters knew each other better, and, consequently, as is commonly the case, liked each other better after they had fought. Ben Jonson, when he was no longer despised as the bricklayer but honoured as the poet, was bitterly severe upon Shakspeare, whom he dubbed Ovid, and described in "The Poetaster" as a stage-struck lawyer's clerk or apprentice, although to Shakspeare he owed the introduction of his first play, when, poor, young, friendless, and contemned, he was turning wearily away with his rejected work from the door of the Bankside theatre. In reply, Shakspeare dubbed Ben "Thersites," and gave him a place in *Troilus and Cressida*. And there was sharp work between them on other occasions; but they made light of their hurts and probably regarded all such warfare as a species of exciting sport. Shakspeare, just after their quarrel was at its worst, was acting Ben's play of *Sejanus*, and himself playing one of its chief characters, and honest, fearless Ben could never have said of Shakspeare "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side of idolatry as much as any" if their fierce combating had been inspired by real wrongs or by any genuine feelings of hatred or contempt. Drayton, of whom we give a sketch on page 568, and Ben Jonson visited Shakspeare at Stratford but a few days before his death, and years after a slander arose, with some element of truth in it, doubtless, asserting that the great poet's death was due to the hard drinking he indulged in at the merry meeting whereat he made them welcome, and expressed the pleasure he derived from their presence. Hard drinking was much more freely indulged in then than now.

THOMAS DEKKER—never, sure, was one man's name spelt in such a variety of ways—took part strongly with Shakspeare against Jonson. Jonson satirised Decker in "The Poetaster" as "Crispinus," a pretended Horace. He was no mean ally, and figures amongst our Bankside sketches on page 384, together with Ben Jonson, whom Decker reproached for leaving his former occupation of "mortar-treader" in a passage which also informs us how Ben "performed the part of Zuliman at Paris Garden," and had "ambled by a play-waggon in the highway, and took mad Jeronymo's part to get service." When, growing weary of the musty philosophy of a long bygone age, Massinger ran away from Oxford to seek service with the players, Decker befriended the young stranger, and probably introduced him to the stage and the player-poets of the merry Bankside, by whom he was soon appreciated and beloved. In one of the earliest plays associated with Massinger, *The Virgin Martyr*, he was assisted by Decker, who was then a playwright of high repute, experienced, and with great influence.

It is curious to note, as Charles Knight did, how the Bankside poets and players visited Stratford; how, in 1587, they were encouraged by the bailiff of that day, John Shakspeare; and how, two years afterwards, that bailiff's son, William, was playing with those identical players in London on the Bankside. Did they discover that wonderful genius and induce him to bring himself and his then unknown play (*Hamlet*) or plays to

London? Nash alludes to *Hamlet*, as we shall presently show, in 1589, and there is good reason for believing that Spenser, in his "Thalia," which was written in 1591, referred to Shakspeare's plays in the following lines, in which Thalia complains with justness of the rude coarseness and barbarous tastes displayed in the works of the elder playwrights of the poet's day, adding:—

And he, the man whom Nature's self had made
To mock herself, and truth to imitate,
With kindly counter, under mimic shade.
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

Instead thereof, scoffing scurrility
And scornful folly, with contempt, is crept
Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry,
Without regard, or due decorum kept,
Each idle wit at will presumes to make
And doth the Learned's task upon him take.

But that some gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
Than so himself to mockery to sell.

The inartistic folly, the licentiousness and mal, false wit of Robert Greene and his wild companions are here pointedly indicated, and a cause for Shakspeare's temporary retirement may be found in the fact of a strike against him having followed close upon his early appearance on the Bankside, where he was brought out by Thomas Greene (not related to Robert) and Richard Burbage, and the other famous players, who not long before had appeared in his native town in *The Bailiff's Plays*.

THOMAS GREENE, who was both poet and player (we give a sketch of him from an old and very rudely-executed engraving on another page), somewhat obscurely says of himself—

I prattled poetry in my nurse's arms,
And, born where late our Swan of Avon sung,
In Avon's stream we both of us have laved,
And both come out together.

This Greene proved himself a great comic actor and obtained immense popularity. He was specially famous in a play which, although he was not its author, became known as "Greene's Tu Quoque." In a memorandum of his of a later date (1614), still preserved, we read, "My cousin Shakspeare coming yesterday to town, I went to see him how he did."

JOHN HEMYNGE was another of Shakspeare's countymen who was a member of that Bankside company which he first joined, and was one of his two literary executors whom we all thank for the first complete edition of his plays. Hemyng was born in Shottory, whence Shakspeare's wife came. From the same county came the son of the manager who visited Stratford, Burbage, who was destined to achieve lasting fame as a Shakspearean tragedian, the first, and perhaps the greatest. Lord Southampton, speaking kindly and warmly in favour of Shakspeare and young Burbage—who were about the same age—said, "they are both of one county, and, indeed, almost of one town." Richard Burbage was one of the three friends whom Shakspeare mentions in his will. An anonymous quaint elegy says of this old Bankside player:—

He's gone, and with him what a world are dead.
Which he revived to be revived so;
No more young Hamlet, old Hieronymo,
King Lear, the cruel Moor, and more beside,
That lived in him, have now for ever died.

From these, the great Stratford poet's best, truest, and most lasting friends, we turn to his first enemies, the four poet-players of the Bankside, whose popularity he was the first to outrival, whose fame his own so quickly outshone. They were, however, no mean opponents, for they were, Nash, Peele, Marlowe, and Lodge. So jealous of Shakspeare, so indignant at the wonderful successes of that young stranger from Stratford were they that they organised a strike against him, threatening to abandon their profession and cut off the supply of plays. The leader in this great strike of poets against the new comer was "ROBERTUS GREENE, Maister of Artes."

(To be continued.)

CAT-RACING.—Since the siege of Paris a great deal of interest in the breeding and training of homing pigeons has been created by the admirable service rendered by these swift-flying messengers from the besieged inhabitants of that city to friends outside. The birds in which the homing powers were found to be the most strongly developed, were of a breed of Belgian pigeons now pretty generally known as Antwerps. This homing faculty it seems a Belgian society is now endeavouring to develop in the domestic felines of that country by inaugurating cat-races on much the same principles as pigeon-flying matches. A cat-race was very recently instituted at Liege. There were thirty-seven competitors, all of which were liberated some distance from the town, and the prize was awarded to the animal which reached its home in that town first. They were started at 2 p.m., but the distance they had to traverse is not stated; suffice it to say, the first-prize animal won in a canter, as he arrived home at 6.48 p.m. the same evening, the second cat not appearing until 2.24 the following morning.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—Although the weather was somewhat cold and cheerless on Monday last, there was a fair muster of members present at the headquarters of the club at Preston, near Brighton. Sport began with a handicap sweepstakes of 1 sov each, at three birds, which Captain Sydney, who stood at 25 yards' rise, won, after a tie with Mr. Pelham, also at 25. Mr. A. T. Crawshaw (26) landed the second, but in his next essay was defeated by Mr. Sydney, who grassed three in the ties in good time. Mr. Crawshaw proved the victor in the fourth and fifth, whilst Captain Vaughan pocketed the next four. In the optional sweep, at five birds each, the shooting was not particularly brilliant, the birds being so fast on the wing that many of the competitors could not get near them. Ultimately Captain Sydney, Mr. C. Seaton, and Mr. Pelham got on even terms by grassing two out of five, and in shooting off, on the usual conditions of bird for bird, Captain Sydney won at the first round. Several other sweepstakes, at three birds each, were afterwards decided, in which Captain Edmonds shot well, scoring seven out of eight. S. Hammond supplied some clipping blue-rocks. There will be another meeting of the club at Preston on Monday next. In the course of a few days the programme of the Easter meeting will be published. Several valuable free prizes will be added to the sweepstakes; and the polo-matches will form an interesting feature in the programme.

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POETS and PLAYERS in

THE DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE



Michael Drayton



Richard Burbage



George Chapman



John Lyly



Edward Alleyn



Thomas Greene



Samuel Daniel



Nat Field



Robert Herrick



John Taylor



SHAKESPEARE'S
'Paradise' Goblet
From the Boar's Head

A STROLL ON

THE BANKSIDE